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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858.

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*The Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time.* By David Masson, M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Vol. I., 1608—1639. (Macmillan.)

The first instalment of Mr. Masson's long and eagerly expected work is now before the public, and we hasten to present our readers with an outline of its contents, and a description of its general character, reserving particular points for discussion in a future notice. The external aspect of the present volume is somewhat formidable, for it contains no less than seven hundred and fifty pages, and it is a marked contrast to the mass of gay and parti-coloured Christmas works which are just now pouring from the press. But *fronti nulla fides*. Let the reader make a bold plunge, and we can assure him that few indeed are the books of the present season that will have power to seduce him from its pages.

Mr. Masson's method of biography is too familiar to the reading public to require more than a few brief observations from critics of his present work. Biography, roughly speaking, is of two kinds. There is that which aims at artistic completeness; and delights us by its literary excellence, which wins our praise by the due subordination of events, the rapid alternations of light and shade afforded by an unbroken narrative, and the agreeable intellectual sensation experienced by the reader in grasping a subject in its integrity, and carrying away a whole conception of it in his mind. The other kind is that of which the object is historical completeness: to produce, that is, an exhaustive statement of facts, so arranged as to throw the greatest possible light upon each other; to put on record the minutest circumstances relating to his subject which had become known to the writer's own generation, and to exhibit for public inspection all the processes by which his conclusions have been formed. Of these two methods, if the former has more unity, the latter, except in very rare instances, is the more useful. It is less liable to the perversions of prejudice, to which indeed it usually supplies its own antidote, and is more likely than the other to promote a spirit of independent inquiry. What the latter gains in vividness, it probably loses in exactness—as the man who has seen a mountain for the first time might describe it in more impressive language than he who had seen it twenty times, but would be liable to far more errors in his estimation of its height, form, and colour.

Mr. Masson's biography, then, is of the historical genus, and both his merits and defects as a writer are clearly connected with this method. He is industriously accurate, charitable and generous in his judgments, and sincere in purpose. On the other hand, it cannot be denied, that the first-named virtue too often leads him to overload his pages with superfluous matter, and that the last occasionally betrays him into some maudlin sentimentalism. Of his literary style various opinions have been entertained, but in the kind of biography to which he has devoted himself, the art of exhibiting a mass of details so that they are

not readily forgotten, is worth every other literary gift, and that Mr. Masson possesses to a large extent. We should state, too, that his present work is not meant to be exclusively biographical; but that round the central figure of John Milton will be ranged illustrations of all that national thought which the author considers him to represent. The poet's life we are told:

"Divides itself, with almost mechanical exactness, into three periods, corresponding with those of the contemporary social movement: the first extending from 1608 to 1640, which was the period of his education and of his minor poems; the second extending from 1640—1660, or from the beginning of the civil wars to the Restoration, and forming the middle period of his polemical activity as a prose writer; and the third extending from 1660—1674, which was the period of his later muse, and of the publication of 'Paradise Lost.'"

And a volume accordingly will be devoted to each of these periods.

Later and more extended researches have somewhat shaken the grounds of our belief in the gentility of Milton's progenitors. Johnson unhesitatingly states that "John Milton was by birth a gentleman, descended from the proprietors of Milton, near Thame, in Oxfordshire, one of whom forfeited his estate in the times of York and Lancaster." But it appears from Mr. Masson, fortified by the antiquarian skill of Mr. Hunter, that so far from this glib assertion being entitled to our implicit belief, it is very doubtful whether there were ever any Miltons of Milton at all. No doubt there is always an *à priori* probability where families, however humble, have been seated for some generations in the neighbourhood of a town or village of which the name is identical with their own, that the one may be derived from the other. But in the absence of all documentary or monumental evidence on the subject, the fact is too narrow to serve as the foundation of an hypothesis. We are perfectly aware, however, that the recorded facts in these cases are invested with very different degrees of weight, by different classes of genealogists. Mr. Masson sees two difficulties in the way of acknowledging Milton's pretensions to a territorial designation. The one fact, based on a census of the gentry in 1433, stands out pretty clearly that immediately before the wars of the Roses there were in England two Miltons "in such circumstances that they could be included among the minor gentry," and that both belonged to that district "which may be called the traditional Milton neighbourhood, to wit, Oxfordshire and the adjacent counties between Oxfordshire and London." But then it is equally impossible to carry them either backwards to the village of Milton, or forwards to Milton the poet. All records of the one connection may have perished accidentally, and all records of the other may have been obliterated by the misfortunes and confusion of civil war. At this point we must begin to exercise our own judgment. Is it more likely that this should have happened, or that the Oxfordshire village should have had no connection with the Oxfordshire gentleman, and he again with the Oxfordshire poet? The fact is, either alternative is so exceedingly unlikely, that we have an easy excuse for determining the question according to our individual prepossessions; and in that satisfactory condition we shall leave it in the hands of our readers. Of course, they must remember that the difficulty of connecting the Roger Milton of Henry the

Third's reign with the village of Milton, and the difficulty of connecting him with the author of "Paradise Lost," are two entirely distinct ones; and that if the latter relationship be alone proved, that is sufficient to vindicate Milton's claim to be a gentleman. The facts that Milton's grandfather was a yeoman, and that his namesakes in the adjoining parishes were in still humbler life, one being a fisherman and another a tailor, must not be allowed more than their due weight in affecting our decision. The century which succeeded the establishment of the House of Tudor, must have been a trying time for younger sons, even when the head of the family retained his land. The old sources of employment were dried up, and the modern ones had not arisen. Scott mentions instances of scions of the noblest races being reduced to the condition of handicraftsmen, within little more than a hundred years from the battle of Bosworth. Much more, then, on the supposition that the Miltons had lost their property in the war, should we cease to be surprised at finding their descendants in the peasantry. So far, then, this theory is perfectly consistent with itself, and derives, in our opinion, some little additional weight from the circumstance of the Miltons being Romanists; families who had no traditions usually going with the majority, and few, if any, of the English lower orders, whatever their secret sympathies at first, holding aloof, in the long run, from the established religion.

The grandfather of Milton, as seems settled on the best evidence at present attainable, was Richard Milton, yeoman, of Stanton St. John's, in Oxfordshire: a prettily situated village about three miles north-east of Oxford. His wife was the widow of a person in his own rank of life named Jeffrey, her maiden name having been Hoghton, whence some writers have endeavoured to connect her with an ancient and distinguished family of that name in Lancashire. This point however Mr. Masson considers to be exceedingly dubious; but here too, no doubt, the evidence will be weighed by as many different standards as it has been in the case of her husband. About Milton's mother, however, it appears there is less doubt. Her name was not, as Johnson states, Caston, but Bradshaw. So that, on the whole, whatever be the value of the fact, we must in fairness admit that the preponderance of proof is in favour of Milton having a large portion of aristocratic blood in his veins. The alleged connection between the gentlemen of Henry VI. and the village of Milton, may be untrue. The alleged connection between the former and the poet may be untrue. But that both should be untrue at the same time would be at least a singular coincidence. On the other hand, we have the fact of Milton's family religion, and the undoubted fact of his mother's aristocratic descent. So far then as inquiry has at present extended, Johnson's assertion that Milton was a gentleman by birth is tenable, though the principal facts by which he supports it are erroneous, and would still be tenable in some sense if we gave up his male ancestors altogether.

Milton's father, as is well known, was disinherited for apostatising from the family faith. He was born in 1562 or 1563; was educated at Christchurch; and, after the domestic quarrel, came up to seek his fortune in London. How he here became "a scrivener," made a considerable fortune, married Miss Bradshaw, and was the father of six children, is sufficiently well known to

the public. Of these, only three survived infancy, Anne, John, and Christopher.

John Milton, then, was born in a house in Bread Street, Cheapside, on the 9th of December, 1608, and baptised on the 20th of the same month in the adjoining church of All-Hallows. The old house, known as the Spread Eagle, so named by Mr. Milton after his family arms, was burnt down in the great fire. But the site was long preserved by one of the courts in the new Bread Street, which bore the name of Black Spread Eagle Court as late certainly as 1754, and probably, as Mr. Masson thinks, up to the period when houses began to be generally numbered. The influence of Milton's town life and reminiscences upon his poetry, to which Mr. Masson makes a passing allusion, will be an interesting subject for inquiry at a later stage of our review.

Passing over his earlier education, in which Mr. Masson does not materially differ from the received accounts, we come to his entrance at St. Paul's school in the year 1620, of which the head-master at that time was a Mr. Gill, an excellent classical and English scholar, his assistant being his son, a celebrated writer of Latin verses, who most likely had some influence in forming Milton's own taste for this occupation. Of the poet's school performances, in the shape of paraphrases from the Psalms, Mr. Masson gives us one or two specimens, but we do not see that they are such as to merit any higher encomium than Dr. Johnson's, though our present author seems discontented with it. When we have added that, at St. Paul's school, Milton made the acquaintance of Charles Diodati, his dear friend in after-life, we have said all upon the subject of his sojourn there that is likely to interest our readers.

Milton was admitted a pensioner of Christ's College, Cambridge, on the 12th of February, 1625 (new style), or, as Mr. Masson writes, 1624—5. Would it not be far better to adopt the modern style simply, having given a notification to that effect? At the commencement of the chapter upon Cambridge, Mr. Masson has given us a catalogue of all the students who were admitted into Christ's College between Michaelmas, 1624, and Lady-Day, 1625; and also a list of all the colleges at Cambridge, with their foundation and numbers of students at the period. We cannot help thinking these insertions a little unnecessary, and calculated to interfere, even more than Mr. Masson's method requires, with the charm of the narrative. But at least it is a fault upon the right side.

The history of Milton's Cambridge career is told by Mr. Masson with great spirit and copiousness of illustration. The poet took his Bachelor's degree on the 26th of March, 1629. In the meantime he had, while in London, felt his first experience of passion at sight of the young lady whom he celebrates in that famous Latin elegy. Who she was, and what was the extent of Milton's acquaintance with her, has never been ascertained. The world would willingly have known something of her who first touched the fancy of Milton: who may, perhaps, have fitted across his mental vision as he drew his picture of Eve, or have inspired the love-darting eyes and tresses like the "morn" of the Lady in "Comus." The only other event of importance at this period of his life was the scrape into which his old tutor got himself, by an ebullition of dis-

loyalty at Oxford, from the consequences of which he was begged off by no less a personage than William Laud. This is a pleasant testimony to the kindness of heart and fidelity to friends evinced by this much-abused prelate. In 1629 Milton wrote his "Ode to the Nativity." In July, 1632, he took his Master of Arts degree, and his connection with the University ceased.

Milton had originally been intended for the Church, and his change of mind in this particular naturally conducts Mr. Masson to a review of the position of the Church of England under Laud. He is fairer to the memory of that celebrated man than any opponent of him we know; and on another occasion we promise ourselves the pleasure of reverting to this portion of his work. At present we must pass over that, as well as the survey of British literature by which it is succeeded, and take up the thread of Milton's life from the period of his leaving college, 1632, till his return from the continent in 1639.

The next six years of Milton's life were spent at Horton near Colnbrook, in Buckinghamshire, where his father had either bought or rented a small property. His residence at Horton is one of the most agreeable passages to look back upon in Milton's life, and it certainly loses nothing in Professor Masson's description of it. Everything belonging to the place which could influence the poet's mind: the scenery, the society, and the associations, are grasped by a sympathetic genius, and turned to admirable account. There is a kind of congruity between the poet's moral aspect at this period and the features of the surrounding country which it is gratifying to observe. He displays as yet none of the sternness, or what we must still call the hardness of late years. All is fresh, and joyous, and blooming—redolent of the pure and tranquillising influences of domestic life, and the rich, and stately scenery of the garden of England. Here Milton wrote his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," his "Sonnet to the Nightingale," his "Arcades," his "Comus," and his "Lycidas"—productions that will continue to delight thousands who have never read his epics, through, and hundreds besides, to whom his autumn with its pomp and majesty is less charming than his buoyant spring-time. Passing from the first half of this chapter to the second, in which Professor Masson resumes his narration of political events, we are reminded of the termination of a holiday; and proceed with the greatest reluctance, till once more we are warm with the subject, and are riveted by our author's powers in a wholly distinct province. Yet here, too, we must remind him of his one salient blemish: the introduction of irrelevant matters, which he probably estimates more by the difficulty they have cost him to accumulate than by their real subservience to his subject.

To Milton's continental journey but a few pages, comparatively speaking, are devoted. The whole chapter is but 60 pages out of the 750, and more than one half of it is taken up by an account of European politics, the progress of the Reformation, and the state of literature and the Arts in Italy. We shall not dwell more particularly on this portion of the volume on the present occasion. We may perhaps find something to say of it in a future number of our Journal. But we have now followed the career of the poet throughout that first period of his life which Mr. Masson has given to us, dis-

inmissing it of all but purely biographical details, and have concluded all that we proposed to ourselves for the present. The impression we have as yet received of the portion of the work now before us is most favourable, which we are sanguine a further examination will confirm.

*The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold.*  
By his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. (Kent & Co.)

No one who is capable of appreciating the true position of an English author of reputation could doubt that a biography of Douglas Jerrold was due to the age. But no one who added acquaintance with the subject of the proposed memoir to a knowledge of the requirements of the general reader of life-histories, could fail to perceive that such a biography would be a task of unusual difficulty. Rarely has there lived a man of whom so many wished to hear much, while there was at once so much and so little to tell about him. Yet, as if these facts were not sufficient to make the task a perilous one, an additional circumstance has increased the delicacy of its present execution. It has been undertaken by the hand of one who knew, as he engaged in it, that most of the bright colours with which a stranger may garnish his tale, and most of the honest and earnest admiration which is unhesitatingly accepted as the legitimate expression of a stranger's feeling, are debarr'd to a son who sits down to write of his father. Such a biographer, with a heart full of fervid regard, and a head full of the best knowledge why that regard was deserved, must tone down his own phrases, and elect to speak, where he can, through the mouths of others, or else he calmly told that all indulgence will be made for a son, but that the atmosphere of home does not best clear the eyes for the merits and defects of those who dwell with one. Therefore, at the very outset, believing that it was to Mr. Blanchard Jerrold that, despite these considerations, the task most fittingly fell, and aware also that he must have fully recognised the obstacles in his path, let us do homage to the gallant and affectionate spirit in which the biographer has reared his memorial.

Scant indeed are the materials for depicting what the many would call the active part of Douglas Jerrold's life, though the few know better than so to name it. The really active part of his life was when he was seated at the table of his study, filtering, if a word of slowness may be pardoned for the idea of clearness and brilliancy which it involves, the sparkling thoughts which he delivered so lavishly to the world. The remainder of his time, almost from boyhood, lacked adventure. His brief sea-career, which the want of physical strength would have forbidden him to prolong, even had not his sensitive nature been repelled from the service by the brutality which had then scarcely improved since the time of Roderick Random, had little real adventure; and his subsequent life was that of an honourably ambitious man, who felt that he had heart and brain and perseverance, besides certain special gifts, as fearlessness to think and power to convey thought, and who had resolved that he would rise from being a compositor to a station that should bring compositors to work for him. And the shrewd sense which was one of Douglas Jerrold's strong characteristics, told him that there was but one way even for a quick



and rapid mind like his to achieve his object. Patient though omnivorous study, constant practice at the pen, the *milla dies sine linea*, an author's thoughtful repose, which as Sir Bulwer Lytton so well says is the reverse of inaction—these were the legitimate means by which Jerrold obtained his hold upon the ear of his countrymen. Few but those who had the privilege of his friendship knew how regularly and sedulously he read, and how safely he laid away the stores of his own collecting in the cells of a singularly retentive memory; few, too, know, except those we have named, and those others whose studies have taught them how, only, style can be obtained, that it was to the old fountains, the old divines, essayists, and poets, that he chiefly and reverently resorted. "I should perhaps not have known dear old Jeremy Taylor so well," he said to the writer of these lines, "if I had been taught as a boy what they teach all the tailors now." To the last he enriched his writings with illustrations from the great old men from whose pregnant sentences he had learned how much may be said in a narrow space. But of what use is the history of all this process to a biographer? He can but chronicle—and cheerily he must do it, and most cheerily when he is a son of the man whose prosperity he depicts—that his subject laboured on wards and upwards; was duly rewarded both with coin and with reputation; met many difficulties and some reverses (partly from the obstacles inseparable from a literary life, partly from a facility of disposition, and an inclination to believe that certain men whom he liked were all that they represented themselves), but finally triumphed, and attained a handsome competence, and the right to vary his toil with leisure and enjoyment. This is agreeable to write, but the tale has scarcely motion enough for narrative.

Again, an author's books are his life, and Douglas Jerrold's books are before the world, revised by his own hand; and a glorious storehouse of thought, wit, meditation, sentiment, poetry, do those eight volumes contain. Of their composition there is little to tell, save that one deep-toned essay may have been written in the stillness of a country house, one Rabelaisian sketch penned in sight of the blue sea, one sparkling comedy executed amid the liveliness of a French town. There is no Johnsonian *Impræsumus* signature, happily, to inflict upon readers a melancholy which we are now told they may escape by a different translation, no *moriturus vos saluto*, with which Walter Scott answered a howling rabble in the reform times. We are glad to know that so social and kindly a man as Jerrold, who would have shared a loaf with want, never wanted a loaf, and his career was too abruptly terminated for him to have entertained apprehensions of its approaching end. He expired on the 8th of June, and in the number of *Punch* dated the 6th, there are no fewer than seven articles, long or brief, from his pen; and it was on the last Sunday in May that he was a guest at a Greenwich dinner, given by Mr. Russell, the chronicler of the Crimean war. Even at that dinner, indisposed as was Jerrold (it was the last to which he sat down), his mirth had not forsaken him; and the writer of this notice, who was sitting near him, heard him foss across the table, in his distinct and joyous voice, several of those pleasantries, which are like fairy gold, so valuable in the fairy land of society, but which turn to dry leaves on paper. There were, therefore, few

incidents connected with his books which supply matter to tell. Into the history of the dramatist more of the world's doings would naturally come, and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has wisely and adroitly incorporated a sketch of his father's theatrical successes into one of the most interesting portions of the biography. An early love marriage (so early contracted that Jerrold used to mention that the officiating clergyman, touched by the youthful appearance of the united lovers, pronounced an affectionate benediction "over and above the book," and a hope for their prosperity) gave him an early home, and, as will ever be the case, the best flowers are forced by the fire of one's own hearth. Douglas Jerrold loved his household gods too well to give his biographer the melancholy advantage of having romance or adventure to tell.

We have shown (partly in duty to that biographer, who has done his duty so admirably that the least that is due to him is to show in what triumph over difficulties his merit lies), that in the ordinary acceptance of words there was not much to tell about Douglas Jerrold. We may be encountered by the question, why his biography was desirable. Our own answer is entirely apart from the statement in which the writer of the book before us might reply. He, in filial affection and reverence, rears his memorial. But such affection and reverence have often done surplussage work, both in print and in marble. Here they have done an act of justice. Of the literary position of Jerrold, of the earnestness of his nature, of the richness of his fancy, of the keenness of his wit, in short, of his claims to be enrolled among the men of his age, none who will study his volumes as honestly as he always studied any volume that came in his way, will adopt an opinion adverse to that of his educated admirers. But in the course of his fearless and loyal labours for principles which he believed to be sound, he, with the impetuosity of his nature, gave much offence. Whether he fought in the *mêlée* with lance, mace, or sword, or dealt the *coup de grace* with the "dagger of mercy," which in his hand was a weapon of deadliest keenness, he always struck his hardest. "Write your best" (he would quote from Sir Walter Scott, an author for whom he often expressed the warmest admiration—we mention this for the benefit of those who pretended to see in Jerrold too bitter a Radical to recognise an aristocrat's merit), "write your best, make your characters speak their best, in fact do your best, and the devil take the hindmost." Acting upon this principle, he always struck his best, and the blows were too hard to be easily forgotten. And there is a wide-spread notion that in social life his unexampled power of repartee made him a discourteous and even savage companion. "Bitter" is the word we have often heard as equivalent for Jerroldian, and nothing can be farther from exactitude. It is not well that round the memory of a man who has done so much to improve, to exalt, and to delight, as Douglas Jerrold, there should be allowed to cling traditions that he was other than a noble, thoughtful, kindly, earnest man, whose worst fault, a severely punished one, was his over trustfulness, and who enjoyed the friendship of those who truly knew him, with an intensity of social feeling that colder natures comprehend with difficulty. This is not well, and therefore it is well that a biography should be presented, in which a

true and just picture of the man should be preserved. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has done this, and for this good service he is entitled to our best acknowledgments. Of a difficult and delicate task he has acquitted himself with a success which he will probably chiefly value in that it crowns an effort to do justice to a revered and beloved father.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold says in his preface:

"I have been indebted for suggestions, correspondence, and anecdotes, to many of my father's old friends. Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. John Forster have kindly afforded me the opportunity of referring to my father's letters addressed to them respectively; Mr. Hepworth Dixon has given me some valuable memoranda; and Mr. Wilkinson has enlightened me on my father's early days at Cranbrook and Sheerness, aided by the clear memory of Mr. James Russell. Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Kenny Meadows, Mr. Shirley Brooks, are names of my father's friends, who have been of service to me. But I can recall, happily, many old, familiar faces, that have been grouped about me, bringing anecdotes, facetiæ, &c., to my work."

This paragraph chiefly points to some extremely valuable pages of the biography, in which correspondence of an interesting character is cited. But the earlier portion of the "Life" is entitled to prior consideration. Here is Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's sketch of his father as a sailor. It is introduced *apropos* of the termination of his career as midshipman in 1815:

"But he never, I insist, ceased to be, at heart, a sailor. He loved the sea—was proud of British oak. Its dashing, careless, hearty phases were suited to his nature. He often said that had the war lasted, and had his strength held out, he would have been somebody in his Majesty's service. And you could not please him more thoroughly at the seaside, than by proposing a day in a cutter. His eye would light up, and he would hasten to the shore to talk the matter over with the sailors, himself. They drove a good bargain with him, for he could never haggle over shillings, and they liked his frank, familiar manner. It was delightful to see his little figure planted in the stern-sheets, his face radiant, his hair flowing in the wind; mouth and nostrils drawing in, with huge content, the saline breeze. The energy with which his glass was raised when a sail appeared; the delight he expressed when the sailors confirmed his description of the craft; the keen attention he gave to any stories of wrecks or storms told by the crew—all these signs of enjoyment recalled the midshipman. Nor had he forgotten how to manage a boat. On a certain occasion he was sailing in a frail cutter, from Sark to Guernsey, when the wind freshened, and the sea became lively, and the boat was in dangerous currents. The men were not sufficient for the occasion. The boat shipped water; my mother and Mrs. Henry Mayhew, who were of the party, clung to their male companions in terror. The midshipman of the *Ernest* saw that the boat was being mismanaged, and that at any moment she might be swamped. He calmly seized the helm, bawled out his orders, stood up in the stern-sheets firm as any old helmsman, his little figure looking wondrously feeble and fragile amid the boiling waters, and in a few minutes the craft bounded over the waves, behaving herself with all the propriety of the best regulated ship."

But he had proved his own opinion about a sea-life, and here is a *mot* to show it:

"Of Nelson he would talk by the hour, and some of his more passionate articles were written to scathe the government that left Horatia—Nelson's legacy to his country—in want. It was difficult to persuade him, nevertheless, that a man did wisely in sending his son to sea. A friend called on him one day to introduce a youth, who, smitten with a love for the salt, was about to abandon a position he held in a silk manufacturer's establishment, for the cockpit."

"Humph!" said the ex-midshipman of the *Ernest*, "so you're going to sea. To what department of industry, may I inquire, do you now give your exertions?"

"Silk," briefly responded the youth.

"Well, go to sea, and it will be worsted."

Now see him as an apprentice to a printer. Here is a story of the man who some years after kept the most intellectual audiences in London for three hours together listening, delightedly, to his epigrams. Here he makes pies instead of epigrams:

"There was something congenial to the young apprentice in the business of printer. It brought him, in some degree, into connection with books. It would be his duty, at any rate, to set up the thoughts, the teachings of others; and, biding his time, and reading hard, to put the stick aside some day, and take up his pen. This was his burning hope when he went every morning at daylight to Mr. Sidney's printing offices; and, as books fell in his way, the hope became a passion. I have heard him describe his work at this period of his life, with honest pride. He would tell me how he had risen, with the first peep of day to study his Latin grammar alone, before going to work; how he had fallen upon Shakespeare, and had devoured every line of the great master; and how, with his old father, who was a thoughtful, if a weak man, he had sat in the intervals of his labour, to read a novel of Sir Walter Scott's, obtained by pinching from a library. He used to relate a story, with great delight, of a certain day on which he was useful in several capacities to his father. The two were alone in London, Mrs. Jerrold and her daughter being in the country, possibly fulfilling some provincial engagement. The young apprentice brought home, joyfully enough, his first earnings. Very dreary was his home, with his poor weak father sitting in the chimney corner; but there was a fire in the boy that would light up that home; at any rate they would be cheerful for one day. The apprentice, with the first solid fruits of industry in his pocket, sallied forth to buy the dinner. The ingredients of a beefsteak pie were quickly got together, and the purchaser returned to be rewarded with the proud look of his father. To earn the pie was one thing, but who could make it? Young Douglas would try his hand at a crust! Merrily the manufacture went forward; the pie was made. Then the little busy fellow saw that he must carry it to the bakehouse. Willingly went he forth; for, with the balance of his money, it had been agreed that he should hire the last of Sir Walter's volumes, and return to read it to his father while the dinner was in the oven. The memory of this day always remained vivid to him. There was an odd kind of humour about it that tickled him. It so thoroughly illustrated his notions on independence, that he could not forbear from dwelling again and again on it among his friends. "Yes, sir," he would say, emphatically, "I earned the pie, I made the pie, I took it to the bakehouse, I fettered it home; and my father said, 'Really the boy made the crust remarkably well.'"

Here is his first essay as a writer: "It has been said widely that Douglas Jerrold's first printed words appeared in the *Sunday Monitor*, then edited and printed by his employer of Lombard Street, but this is not the fact. Following the almost-invariable tendency of young men with something to say, he first tempted the judgment of the public by bits of fugitive verse; and this in *Artiss's Magazine*, a periodical long since forgotten. From the moment when he came in contact with journals, he began to cast off sonnets, epigrams, and short quaint papers. It is true that the young compositor, having an order to see *Der Freischütz*, went to the theatre, and became so possessed with the harmony of the work that he wrote a critical paper on it, and dropped the composition into Mr. Bigg's letter-box.

"He passed an anxious night, we may be certain, when this adventurous step had been taken. And that was a bright morn when the editor handed him his own article to compose,

together with an address to the anonymous correspondent, asking for further contributions. His way from the ease to the writer's desk was bridged, though years might pass before he should be able finally to pass from the mechanical drudgery to the intellectual pursuit. It is true, I repeat, that my father's first article in the *Monitor* was a criticism on *Der Freischütz*, but it is not true that this article was his first appearance in print.

"With his vehement nature, his capacity for study before sunrise on winter mornings, and his haste to be at war with the wrong he saw about him, he was not likely to leave the sixpenny magazines without some of his 'early mutterings.' His sisters remember the boisterous delight with which he would occasionally bound into the house, with a little publication in his hand, shouting, 'It's in, it's in.'"

*Artiss's Magazine*, by the way, was not a bad magazine, or the lapse of a good many years deceives us. It was a small work, with a red cover, and was remarkable for poetry of that gloomy and savage order highly acceptable to exceedingly young persons. We remember a most awful poem on the death of Byron, on which world-shaking event the poet called upon angels and demons, to express their feelings, and while the former evasively contented themselves with bewailing, "the fall of a bard in his prime," the devils woke up the most terrible tempest, that made "the Christian turn on his pillow to pray." But to proceed:

"Laman Blanchard and Douglas Jerrold met by accident before either friend had reached his majority. The latter was pushing his way, by slow degrees, into the tramway of the current journalism; the former was writing graceful poetry, to be presently gathered into a volume of 'Lyric Offerings,' and published by Harrison Ainsworth. Yet their common subject just now, as they stood under the gateway protected from the rain, was of Byron and liberty. The noble was their idol of the hour. He was a bard, and he was the champion of liberty. Why should they not follow him—join him in Greece? The two friends were roused to frenzy with the idea, and the fair, blue-eyed one, suddenly seeing the ludicrous position of two Greek crusaders sneaking out of a shower of rain, dashed into the wet, saying, 'Come, Sam, if we're going to Greece we mustn't be afraid of a shower of rain.'"

Of the intimacy—a cold word—between Laman Blanchard and Douglas Jerrold, the biographer speaks very touchingly, and inserts some letters by the former which will depict his sensitive and feminine nature to those who knew him not, while they bring back, with almost painful vividness, his gentle but eager look, and lustrous eyes, to those who were acquainted with him. Of him let a biographer speak who has the next right to that of a son to do so. Mr. Jerrold says:

"And here it may be well to speak of the most unhappy mistake made by all men who have dwelt upon the life of Laman Blanchard. It has been said by Sir Edward Lytton, as by lesser commentators, that Mr. Blanchard passed a life of intense anxiety—of war with the world, that only very slowly consented to exchange the fruits of his graceful genius for its solid comforts. No statement could be farther from the truth. After a very short struggle in London, it was Mr. Blanchard's good fortune to have one or two powerful friends who were inclined to give a hearing to his tender and eloquent voice. He was for some time Resident Secretary to the Zoological Society in Bruton Street, an institution founded chiefly through the exertions of his brother-in-law, N. Vigors, M.P. for Carlisle; and hence he went direct from good appointment to good appointment, to the end of his days. He edited, among

other papers, *The Courier*, *The True Sun*, and *The Court Journal*. He was sub-editor of the *Examiner* when he died, and he long enjoyed the ripe fruits of a large popularity as a most gracefully humorous magazine writer. If he had a disappointment it must have been the neglect with which the world received the poetic gum that oozed from him—a neglect that has yet to be made good."

This is the tale of Jerrold's grand success with *Black-Eyed Susan*, a piece which has long become a sort of institution of the country:

"In a most fortunate hour he quarrelled finally with Mr. Davidge—with Davidge who, could he have seen the story of that little manuscript under the author's arm, would have fallen upon his knees and prayed for it at any price. But manager and author parted in anger, and away went the latter direct to Mr. Elliston's room at the Surrey Theatre. This manager's fortunes were at a low ebb, and he was not ready to adventure much; but a bargain was made: an engagement as dramatic writer to the establishment, at 5*l.* per week, was concluded; and the author deposited upon the manager's table, by way of beginning, the 'nautical and domestic' drama of *Black-Eyed Susan*; or, *All in the Downs*.

"This renowned piece, brought from the deck of the *Ernest* gun-brig, with the sea breeze in it, and all the rough, hearty manliness to be found on his Majesty's ships in those days, was first produced on Whit-Monday, June 8th, 1829, in the author's twenty-sixth year. The noisy holiday-makers of the Borough and of the London Road were the first critics of a piece destined to be played in every quarter of the world, and to bring back fortune to graceless Mr. Elliston. Mr. T. P. Cooke, who had not played at the Surrey Theatre for ten years, made his re-appearance as *William*, and was the *Long Tom Coffin* of the after-piece, *The Pilot*. It is reported that the audience were hot and noisy almost throughout the evening. Now and then, in a lull, the seeds of wit intrusted by the author to the *Gardener* (Mr. Buckstone), were loudly appreciated; but the early scenes of *Susan's* 'heart-rending woe' could not appease the clamour. By and by came the clever *dénouement* when, just previously to the execution, the captain enters with a document proving *William* to have been discharged when he committed the offence. The attentive few applauded so loudly as to silence the noisy audience. They listened, and caught up the capitally-managed incident. The effect was startling and electrical. The whole audience leaped with joy, and rushed into frantic enthusiasm. Such was the commencement of the career of a drama which, in theatrical phrase, has brought more money to manager and actor than any piece of its class; but to its author a sort of *sic vos non vobis* result."

Concerning Manager Davidge, "who had wronged him," he had an opportunity of making a quiet remark:

"Davidge died early one evening, and the scorn of his meanness was still strong in the writer's soul. 'Humph!' he said, 'I didn't think he'd die before the half-price had come in.'"

We will suspend our extracts until next week, with another of the anecdotes with which the book is so thickly studded:

"The humorous story of 'The Manager's Pig,' originally published by Douglas Jerrold as magazine papers, is founded on fact, the manager being Davidge, who determined, 'in a golden moment,' upon the introduction of a pig in a drama to be expressly written for the animal's capacities. In the slang of the craft, the pig was to be measured for his part. The 'household author' of the time was summoned, and requested to write a part for the porker. After many ineffectual expostulations on the part of the writer, the pig's drama was written. The pig commanded a run of forty nights, and then it was suggested to the manager that he should eat him. Tears fell, as



from the managerial eyes at the bare idea. Eat his benefactor! Impossible! A few weeks had rolled on, when the household author was summoned once more into the managerial presence. The manager was at dinner—pickled pork the dish. The author started.

"What! not the pig? Why, you said that nothing on earth would tempt you to eat that pig."

"No more it could, sir," cried the assured manager. "No, sir, no more it could—unless sautéed!"

*Memoirs of William Beckford, of Fonthill; Author of "Vathek."* (Skeet.)

THE life of Beckford has yet to be written. Long pages of faulty genealogy, wearisome extracts from forgotten novels, the condensation of a journal already published, and a total silence on all the current stories characteristic of the man, do not compass the design or object of a biography. The Life of Beckford might have been made picturesque and interesting; the anonymous author of these "Memoirs" has made it a colourless compilation of worthless words and unimportant facts. The proud, dreamy, passionate voluptuary, whose career was a tangled tale of mystery and luxury, deserved a bolder hand than one that paints him in cool greys and neutral tints. In youth his present biographer makes him a loving, romantic, pure-souled poet: in old age he is only a garrulous, pleasant, kind-hearted old gentleman, the stories of whose luxury and eastern magnificence are all false, lodging and living as he did with as much simplicity as the soldier duke; reserving his luxuries and magnificence for others, while contented with frugality and literature for himself. This was not the Beckford of the citron groves of Portugal; not the Beckford at whose bidding rose the wonderful abbey on the Wiltshire hills; nor the man of whose gorgeous life within those massive walls such wild tales were afloat among his contemporaries. This is a purely mythic portrait—no living man at all. But the whole book is shadowy and unsatisfactory. Without being credulous or greedy of popular scandals, we have a right to look for characteristic details and pictorial anecdotes of such a man; nor can we call that a biography which puts us off with literary extracts, and suppresses every living fact, whether currently reported or known to be true.

William Beckford was born in 1759, the only legitimate son of that wealthy Alderman who made the famous speech to George III. about which there has been such controversy; first whether he or Horne Tooke wrote it; and second, whether it was written it was ever delivered. Alderman Beckford, one of the richest commoners in England, was a violent, passionate, ill-regulated man, given over to excesses of various kinds, lavish in expenditure, and regal in his city banquets of sometimes ten thousand pounds cost; now the butt and now the bore of the House; and priding himself on a political incorruptibility which had no temptation to frailty. He took a prominent part in the stand of the city against the court, for which he deserves the thanks of all Englishmen. But though he did good work it was with unblest hands, and no Guildhall panegyric could have included his private character as a man. He was brave, outspoken, and independent; and in his opinions on the questions of American independence, German influence, and the dignity of the House, went with Wilkes and the

Reform Party. He died in 1770, when his son was only eleven years of age; leaving him heir to one of the largest private fortunes in England, which ten years' minority would also still further increase; leaving him, too, under the guidance of a weak and indulgent mother, who seems to have done her best to help in the spoiling which fate and fortune had already rendered too easy. Every one spoiled the young heir. The Duchess of Queensberry petted and caressed him; Lord Chatham, his godfather, hoped that his son William "would one day be as brilliant a speaker" as he; and Dr. Lettice, his tutor, introduced by Lord Littleton, kept the reins as loosely as the rest—curbing his tastes only in one thing—his fondness for oriental literature: against which Lord Chatham first set his face, in favour of the severer classics. But no other moral restraint seems to have been attempted. There was the right and proper amount of intellectual culture, the due quantity of outdoor exercise, attention paid to manner and address, to style and to accomplishments, but the real meaning and purpose of education were set aside, and the young heir grew up to manhood, warped by pride, and wrecked by sensuality, his talent was led by want of aim and steadiness, and his whole nature ruined by selfishness and luxury. He was a great opportunity lost. Wealth, intellectual power, social influence, and a naturally kind heart: what might not have been expected for humanity and his own time from such a conjunction. And what came? A strange, moody, selfish voluptuary, of the vices of whose early life the faintest outline would be expressive enough, and in whose later manhood the sweeping swirl of his excesses stood out like scathing fire against the cold grey background of his unsocial isolation: a mere sensual dreamer, wasting time and precious gifts in false imaginations, hoarding up his princely stores of art and royal collections within those high boundary walls which so well symbolised his life—imparting nothing, sharing nothing, employing workmen for his vanity, yet regretting their dismissal for charity—a man whose intense pride struck its roots down into falsehood and puerility; as when he claimed descent from John of Gaunt, because his father had purchased John of Gaunt's house, and emblazoned the abbey windows with heraldic lies and false genealogical assumptions. This was what flattery and folly made of an opportunity rare in the history of the world.

When seventeen Beckford composed his first literary work: a burlesque "biographico-pictorial" account of certain imaginary artists, supposed to have painted the pictures at Fonthill, which the old housekeeper showed on the open days. He drew up this catalogue partly to mystify the housekeeper and the visitors, partly to satirise the tone of catalogues and artistic biographies generally, and the lives of the Flemish painters specially; and, if his genuine production throughout, which there is great reason to doubt, owing to the total want of humour in his character, it was a sufficiently creditable performance. Aldrovandus Magnus, with his disciples, Andrew Guelph and Og of Basan, Sucrewasser of Vienna, Blunderbussiana of Dalmatia, and Watersouchy of Holland, were his "subjects." Their loves and their struggles, their triumphs of art in the painting of eyelashes and moles, lace, turnips, satins, and water-jugs, their quarrels and *mâtériel*, and the value of nut-oil over white of egg and every other kind of varnish, make up the

pamphlet; which has in truth many excellent hits, and which shows, in parts indubitably his own, the power of word-painting and the rich imagination which afterwards ripened into such perfection in "Vathek." The most graphic touches belong to the history of Watersouchy of Amsterdam, whose genius was first kindled by some designs for Brussels point, and who continued his studies on "well furrowed old women," plump soles, and legs of beef. Watersouchy made such rapid advances that he rivalled Douw, in whose esteem he rose to such a high place that, after eight years, he suffered him to group, without assistance, a velvet armchair and a Turkey carpet, which were rendered with such admirable truth "that every man wished to sit down on the one and every dog to repose on the other." But the whole of the catalogue is good; and, whatever help young Beckford might have had in it, shows both precocity and power of imagination in himself.

After this the youth was sent to finish his studies at Geneva, his mother having a horror of English universities; and there it was that he first acquired his love of natural scenery, and gave way to the weak sentimentalities which proved so fatal to him in after life. He spent three days at La Grande Chartreuse, where he read St. Bruno, wrote some mediocre verses in the album of the monastery, and turned back from the door of a room to look once more at a picture of Mary Queen of Scots. It is incumbent on us to chronicle these events; for they are samples of all those which alone our biographer has chosen, or been able, to give us. And he went to Ferney, where he saw Voltaire, then a shrivelled old man of eighty-four, with "large penetrating eyes," and a finished address, where he saw too the seigneurial galleons on the estate, and the famous chapel Deo Optimo Maximo. He was told that the Seigneur himself used sometimes to officiate there; but it was generally served by the Jesuit Père Adam: of whom Voltaire used to say—though but a mild kind of *mot*—"Quoique il fût le Père Adam, il n'étoit pas le premier des hommes." And then the young heir and his tutor returned home, after a sojourn of a year and a half abroad, and went about from one house to another of the various noblemen and gentlemen who courted his acquaintance. In these visits the most notable thing he did was "to curl his lip" at the want of "blue blood" and heroic pedigrees in his hosts.

Travelling about England and making the grand tour, always with his tutor, Dr. Lettice, occupies the next chapters of this meagre book. Mooning through the streets of Antwerp, and giving himself up to all sorts of vague superstitious dreams, "curling his lip" at oyster-eyed Dutchmen, and finding little to interest him in the "green canals of Holland"; "doing all the pictures" on his road southwards, criticising sundry old masters, canonised perhaps unduly; he at last wandered into Italy, where the rich poetic life and sensuous fullness of nature satisfied and enthralled him. Here, too, he found food for that love of art, and passion for *virtù*, which formed so prominent a part of his maturer life. The galleries of Florence, the mournful beauty of Venice, the luxuriant glories of the Champagne country, and the majesty and grandeur of the Eternal Hills, struck him very forcibly; indeed, the impressions gained from that journey coloured the whole of his

after years, though to his love must also be added the desultoriness and quick satiety so disastrous in his career. He soon tired of every place and pursuit. At Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, in the country and on the road, his cry was still to move, to change, to get at something new, to leave the old already worn out, to grasp the untried and unknown. But the grand tour was made; home and his majority were before him; and in 1781 old Fonthill blazed up with rejoicings and festivities, and the easy pillage of this spoiled child of fortune came to an end. After which he went abroad again, in "three carriages, having led horses and outriders," passing over much of the old ground, and played off in several places as the Emperor of Austria travelling incognito.

And now, that slight curb of his tutor's restraint broken, he flew back to his prohibited eastern reading. In the twenty-second year of his age, according to the testimony of Mr. Cyrus Redding, he composed in French, "at one sitting of three days and two nights," the only work of any worth that he did—the tale of the Caliph Vathek. But it appears now that even this was not original, and that half of it was stolen from certain eastern tales written in French and but little known. Vathek a plagiarist, the famous tower imperfect in its foundations; the wall that was to keep out all his kind; what types of the false life, based on nothing but imaginary pride, and walled in by self from all sympathy, love, and human worth!

The year after "Vathek" was written, Beckford married Lady Margaret Gordon, with whom he lived in great happiness and love for nearly six years, when the poor lady died, and with her his sole chance of good. From that time his life became a tissue of sins and short-comings. He flung himself into alternate excess and gloom—living *en grand seigneur* in Portugal, sometimes at Montserrat in "a barbarous Gothic imitation house, built by a carpenter from Falmouth," sometimes wandering through the country with his cook and his servants, visiting convents and monasteries, and sighing in the depths of romantic woods. From Portugal he passed into Spain, and there wrote his well-known excursion to Alcobaca and Batalha, of which our biographer has made full use; as also of his "Letters from Spain to Portugal." At Madame d'Aranda's he got some upholstery ideas, which he put in force at Fonthill, and elsewhere; and in Paris he saw a live magician, of whom we extract the following account:

"He once related that in Paris he casually fell in with a real magician, or, at least, a very old man, with whose appearance and manner he became much struck. The man appeared a mysterious character, and advanced in years. They used to talk together upon the subjects of magic and incantations, until the stranger, seeing the interest Mr. Beckford took in such topics, in which he himself seemed to take no less, he told him that, if he would call upon him, he would exhibit to him one of the most extraordinary things his imagination could conceive. The address he gave was in an obscure part of Paris. Curiosity and fancy for such things overpowered every other consideration, though the man was only a chance acquaintance. Mr. Beckford determined to go, and went accordingly. The approach to the dwelling indicated was through an old timber-yard, which appeared to have remained long in the same state, the timber in many instances appearing to have lain long enough to fall into a state of decay. Passing through the

yard, the visitor entered a sort of hall of considerable size, in which he met the owner, who had to sustain the character and support his averments of being a believer and an adept in magic. He had dressed himself in a mode to sustain in some degree that character. The apartment had tapestry hangings, and many ornaments in good taste were dispersed about. A flight of steps at the top of the room or hall led into a garden at the back of the house, and at the top of the stairs stood a large marble or stone vase, almost as large as the Warwick vase, filled with the purest water. Some unimportant conversation ensued, when the Frenchman bade his visitor look into the vase, and say if he saw anything whatever but pure water. He replied that he could see nothing else. The man then uttered some mysterious or cabalistic words, and all at once the vase appeared to be filled with an innumerable quantity of living creatures of the most extraordinary shapes and forms, as odd as those small, strange insects discoverable in impure liquids. The apartment, too, seemed filled with various living and strange forms. He became all at once in a state of surprise and astonishment, from which, when he recovered and looked around, he could see nothing more of what had just attracted his wonder, and even the man himself had withdrawn. He never met the magician again, which might easily have been the result of accident, considering the convulsed state of Paris; but he always thought the trick, however performed, was one of the most mysterious and unaccountable that he had ever met with. He had no doubt of its being a trick; but it was admirably played off, and for what object but to startle him and remove his incredulity on similar subjects he could not conjecture. He paid nothing for the exhibition."

At the Jardin des Plantes he entered the den of a lion, which had taken a fancy to him, and for love licked the skin off his hands; and he was to be seen in many of the stirring events of the revolution, quietly sitting on horseback as spectator, watching the actors. The biographer says that the "Englishman on horseback," represented in many of the pictures of those times, was Mr. Beckford. But after a time the Abbey was partly completed. Mrs. Beckford, his mother, died; the wall was built round his thirteen miles of terrace-drive; and the owner of the famous Tower returned home to receive Sir William Hamilton and Nelson at the house which, it was currently reported, cost a million in the building.

Perhaps it was here that Lady Hamilton completed the snare in which she had already entangled Nelson. She made herself an actress for the occasion, and played so admirably the various pantomimic parts she took, that she drew tears from many of the company. And it was during this visit that Nelson showed such extraordinary nervousness at being driven by his host in a pony-carriage. The Abbey, for almost the only time during Beckford's ownership, was alive with mirth and hospitality. The fête given there drew crowds to witness it, and the blazing windows shone like a beacon on the broad Wiltshire downs—a sadly temporary shine, but a delusive beacon after all! The old house was pulled down, and the Folly towered complete. Nothing ever equalled the lavish luxury of Fonthill. It embodied the voluptuous imagery of "Vathek," and prophesied of Monte Christo; gardens, grounds, building, furniture, and ornaments, all were of fabulous beauty and all of fabulous worth. Everything was lavish, everything prodigal; the extravagance reigning was in keeping with the rest. Diamonds were left about in china cups, and hosts of portable valuables were scattered over tables totally unguarded, and in the

power of any servant in the house to steal. But Beckford placed unbounded confidence in his own household, not from any generous belief in human nature, nor from love of his people, but from the simple sentiment of his own high supremacy, which they dare not violate by the insolent disrespect of theft. He found himself deceived at times, and oftener than he knew of or confessed.

And now, the tide which had borne him up so long on the very crest of the wave was turning. The Court of Chancery took from him an estate of twelve thousand a year; with expenses and other causes making up a loss of thirty thousand a year; a law-suit, connected with his West India property, cost him forty thousand pounds; and then the West India property itself fell. He had inherited a million sterling, and one hundred thousand pounds per annum when he came of age; but the sun was sinking, and the twilight had to come. He had married his second daughter to the Marquis of Douglas; his eldest married for herself a Colonel Orde, "with no more than his pay," and son of a gentleman, "with only fifteen hundred a year." Beckford was so enraged at her marriage that he suffered her to live and die in sorrow and poverty; but his biographer says he did not know the circumstances of her condition. We cannot accept all the panegyrics and excuses of this anonymous belauder; indeed, no excuses can justify Beckford's heartlessness and cruelty to his child, whose offence was, that she married where she loved, and did not wait to be matched by her father with so much rank in exchange for her dowry. With sixty pages intervening of stupid, forgotten, burlesque novels, without humour and without point, we come next to the sale of Fonthill, and the removal to Bath. Mr. Farquhar bought the whole, "estate, Abbey, and other things," for three hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and the author of "Vathek," still the same man, but shrunk and circumscribed, continued the strange, unsocial, isolated life at Lansdowne, that he had led before at Fonthill. He and his dwarf porter Pero were the talk and wonder of Bath; but he troubled himself little with either society or gossip, and still collected curiosities, buying even from the collection of his old rival Horace Walpole, who had thought to cheat him of the chance for ever; and raising up a tower on his Bath property, whence he could look at the splendid Folly of his former greatness.

The architect's dishonesty in laying insecure foundations brought its necessary consequences. One morning Beckford's eyes sought for the old familiar tower of Fonthill. It was gone. It had fallen over into the marble court, and Mr. Farquhar had a heap of stones for his purchase. If he had lived long enough, Mr. Farquhar would have bequeathed Fonthill back to its original owner: he "frequently observed that he had a great inclination to do so." Some one asked Beckford if he would have liked the legacy. He replied, "Good heavens, yes, and should have been in an ecstasy at it, for it would have falsified the old proverb, 'You can't eat your cake and have it too!'"

The following is an anecdote of the Duchess of Gordon shut preserving: "I once shut myself up at Fonthill to be out of the way of a lady—an ungallant thing to any lady on earth but her with whom it occurred. You must well remember the late Duchess of Gordon, as she was the continual talk of the town for her curious mercenary ways, and mode



of entrapping men with her brood of daughters. I could have served no other lady so, I hope—I never enjoyed a joke so much. At that time everybody talked of Mr. Beckford's enormous wealth—everything about me was exaggerated proportionately. I was in consequence a capital bait for the Duchess—so she thought; I thought very differently. She had been told that even a dog kennel at Fonthill was a palace—my house a Potosi. What more upon earth could be desired by a managing mother for a daughter? I might have been aged and impotent—no matter, such is fashion's philosophy. I got a hint from town of her intention to surprise me with her hard face at Fonthill—a sight I could gladly dispense with. I resolved to give her a useful lesson. Fonthill was put in order for her reception, with everything I could devise to receive her magnificently—not only to receive her, but to turn the tables upon her for the presumption she had that I was to become the plaything of her purposes.

"The splendour of her reception must have stimulated her in her object.

"I designed it should operate in that manner. I knew her aim—she little thought so. My arrangements being made, I ordered my 'mayor-domo' to say, on the Duchess's arrival, that it was unfortunate—every thing being arranged for her grace's reception, Mr. Beckford had shut himself up on a sudden, a way he had at times, and that it was more than his place was worth to disturb him, as his master only appeared when he pleased, forbidding interruption, even if the king came to Fonthill. I had just received a large lot of books—nothing could be more opportune—I had them removed to the rooms of which I had taken possession. The Duchess conducted herself with wonderful equanimity, and seemed much surprised and gratified at what she saw, and the mode of her reception—just as I desired she should be, quite on tiptoe to have me for a son-in-law. When she got up in the morning, her first question was, 'Do you think Mr. Beckford will be visible to-day?'

"I cannot inform your grace—Mr. Beckford's movements are so very uncertain—it is possible. Would your grace take an airing in the park—a walk in the gardens?'

"Everything which Fonthill could supply was made the most of, whetting her appetite to her purpose still more. My master of the ceremonies to the duchess did not know what to make of his master, the duchess, or his own position. 'Perhaps Mr. Beckford will be visible to-morrow?' was the duchess's daily consolation. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, came and went—no Mr. Beckford. I read on, determined not to see her. Was it not serving a woman of such a coarse nature quite right?

"She remained seven or eight days, magnificently entertained, and then went away without seeing him. She was very angry, and said of him in her rage things too scandalous to have escaped any woman's lips but her own. 'Think of such a woman's vengeance; such a woman as the duchess was, who never suffered anything to stand in the way of her objects!'

"The splendour and wealth she saw dispensed at Fonthill no doubt increased her envious disappointment, and enhanced the bitterness of the contumely she afterwards heaped upon him."

"We learn nothing more from these 'Memoirs.' What feeble flickering light of biography they had as now passed away entirely. Of all those twenty-one years spent at Lansdowne, not a noticeable word, not a fact, not an anecdote! He was sixty-three when he left Fonthill, eighty-four when he died at Bath; and he died tranquilly and calmly, of a cold caught while riding out. This, and a few upholstery details, comprise the substance of these twenty-one years according to this author.

"In person he was a well-looking man; in youth handsome; above the middle height, with small grey eyes, and a refined and intellectual face. He dressed in old-fashioned

costume—a green coat, cloth buttons, buff striped waistcoat, green breeches, and brown topped boots, 'the fine cotton stocking appearing over them.' His voice was pleasant, his gestures animated; when silent or examining he had a habit of placing his freckled fingers over his mouth; he was active, though not truly energetic, seldom sitting down when conversing, and of courteous manners. He was sentimental; raising marble monuments to dead dogs, and sighing over the figure of a sleeping child. His taste was excellent in both art and *virtu*, and he was especially disgusted at his auctioneer for adding some hideous Chinese trumpery of his own to the Fonthill sale. He was always buying or selling, though no bargainer nor haggler, and earned the enmity of Walpole for paying too much for his curiosities: Walpole fearing that prices would rise so high, he would not be able to add to his collection.

And now, why has this nameless biographer written this book? And if he wrote it, why did he call it 'Memoirs of William Beckford,' when it is a mere compilation from Beckford's printed works, and Mr. Cyrus Redding's recollections? Never was a worse or more unsatisfactory biography written. It is a thing of straw; a bundle of rags; an imperfect outline wanting half its members! There is no substantial form in it; no life, no person, no colour. Well-known stories are not spoken of; characteristic traits are suppressed: scandals, which ought to have been refuted, if possible, are suffered to retain their hold by being ignored: we have no living man passing through the pages; no Beckford as he moved in this busy world, but simply a wooden clothes-horse, with a few printed leaves fluttering among the coats and waistcoats. Incapacities are not rare, unhappily: but we have never met with a book in which from beginning to end there was so little worth writing, or such manifest incapacity of an author for his work.

*L'Amour.* Par Michelet. (Paris: Hachette & Co.)

So essentially is this book—which professes to be written as a psychological dissertation upon the passion of love, and more especially love in married life, with regard to its effect on *human nature*—a French book, and solely a French book, applicable only to French natures, French social positions, and French modes of thinking, and in so far only adapted to French readers, that the usual warning at the foot of the title-page of all modern French works, "*L'auteur se réserve le droit de traduction*," appears to us wholly superfluous, if not ludicrous. From the pen of an author of much distinction, who in his historical works has peculiarly fostered, if not founded, the paradoxical style of philosophical writing which has lately gained such ground in France, it is more than usually abstruse in paradox. Each phrase has the ambition to be not only terse and succinct (a very laudable ambition in all writers), but to be an axiom in itself. The result is, that the reader is perplexed with the thousand-and-one sharp philosophical truths which the author labours to inculcate. The effect is disconnected and rambling.

To pick a practical plum of sound common-life application out of all this wonderful hasty-pudding of fine words, fine phrases, fine chapters, becomes almost as difficult a task as that despaired of in the mis-translated proverb, "to find a needle in a *botte de foin*."

Where we most desire a little plain common-sense we only find mysticism, and still mysticism, and ever mysticism. It is the very pedantry of poetry, or we believe we mean rather the very poetry of pedantry. We apply the word "pedantry" advisedly, inasmuch as after a careful perusal of the book we are compelled to class it, in spite of its mystic philosophy and its poetical aspirations, more under the category of *medical* works than any other. It reads like a work upon pathology, treating the most delicate subjects connected with married life, translated into the most flickering poetical language—Doctor Culverwell in "prose bewitched." Some of the chapters are unapproachable to the greater part of English readers. We will instance only the least *choquant* of such chapters (the English word "shocking" would not express our meaning), that, namely, which treats of the hygienic duties of the husband towards the wife, and his position as an habitual medical inspector. Even those which treat more precisely of the moral influences, that may be reciprocally exercised with advantage between husbands and wives, are headed with such titles as "*De la Fécondation Intellectuelle*," and "*De l'Incubation Morale*,"—titles that reveal the general tendency of the author's mind towards the allegory of materialism even in his most philosophical subjects. Many of the topics in a book of this nature are such as to render even allusion impossible.

That the moral intention of M. Michelet has been an excellent one, is indisputable. He advocates throughout the most intimate companionship in married life, mutual tolerance and forbearance, strict confession of intimate thought, and a thousand other methods of *tightening* the matrimonial tie; above all he deprecates the French fashion of "*les lits séparés*." But sensible as may be the deductions to be drawn from all his high flown phrases upon these topics, he is so wrapped up in his spirit of poetic idealisation of married life, that he completely overlooks the thousand little weaknesses that "flesh is heir to," the probable differences of taste, the possible incompatibilities of temper. He generalises everything, and in this again loses wholly out of sight the practical utility of his observations. He generalises more especially "*la femme*." In this respect one of his great axioms (p. 284) may serve as an example of the basis upon which his whole structure, as regards the influence of woman in married life, is based, "*Rien de bas dans la femme, rien de vulgaire, tout poétique*"—a charming axiom from a Frenchman's pen, but smacking slightly (we say it with reverence) of idealism. We consider that he might have borne slightly in mind "the more or the less," the varieties of human temperament, *la femme* as she is, and not as he generalises her, in order to have given greater practical value to his deductions. The French unmarried woman, it is true, is generally wholly unformed (except in certain accomplishments), wholly unbiased and uninfluenced (except in her religious opinions), when placed in her almost unknown husband's hands; and thus far M. Michelet may be right in treating "*la femme*" as an ideal creature, to be fashioned by the more or less able hands of a husband, whom he addresses as her "*vrai créateur*." But it is useless reasoning at length upon the paradoxical opinions of a book which is, in general, as utterly unfit for English readers, as we believe it would be in most cases little comprehended by them.

## THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

The Shakespeare Room at the Bedford. The Council is sitting: but there is a slight deduction from its members, because of the impending season of Christmas.

THE EDITOR.

I am charged with the apologies of the Professor, who professes to be too unwell to come to-night.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

I would express sorrow, but from information which I received, to use police language—

THE MANDARIN.

Which it is thought you have had unusual opportunities of studying.

THE O'DONNEGAN (mildly).

I trust I am thankful for all advantages. I have reason to think, I say, that the Professor is no more unwell than a man ought to feel, whose wife has taken him out to tea in the howling wildernesses of the S.E. district of your overgrown metropolis.

THE EDITOR.

The Professor, O'Donnegan, looks at his domestic liabilities in a right point of view; and considering that the marriage vows include suburban tea upon occasion—

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Mistress O'Donnegan took the liberty one day, while I was explaining to her the impossibility of her accompanying yours truly to some little festivity—that excellent lady, I say, took the liberty, amid her rebellious tears, to throw at my head the sentimental old saying, that happiness was born a twin.

MR. TEMPLE.

A very pretty and feminine appeal.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

May be, but the appeal was dismissed with costs. "Not a Siamese twin, Madam," says I, blowing in the barrel of my latch-key. But why do we waste words upon female follies? Push over them cigars. I see the delightful Sir Francis Head is not annihilated.

MR. DROOPER.

There's a good name for him in an old comedy—Sir Francis Wrong-Head.

THE EDITOR.

Let it be this. Any theatrical news for us, Drooper? Have you done any of the Christmas pieces? No! Well, do you know anything about them? Did you hear *Satanella*? Is the Adelphi finished? Where will be the best pantomime?

MR. DROOPER.

Had I three ears—and so forth. Yes, I did hear *Satanella*, and when all the dialogue is cut out, and the whole affair is compressed, it will be one of the prettiest of Balfe's operas. The Adelphi is being finished as fast as relays of men, working night and day, can do it. I don't know which will be the best pantomime.

THE BARONET.

That was a true story about the singer, the critic, and the spectacles. Critic came late to concert, heard, as he thought, that singer singing badly, could not see him, but went home and cut him up. Discovered next day that an inferior singer had been substituted, so apologised. At

next concert, critic was in front place, is seen by the great singer, who comes down and presents him with a pair of spectacles. Takes the present as a joke, but finding that it is meant as a reproof, stamps on spectacles. Tableau.

THE MANDARIN.

While we are on theatrical matters, does anybody know whether the Dramatic College is to come to anything? The enthusiasm at starting was tremendous, and everybody was the most liberal person in the world, except the next person, and so on. What's the hitch?

MR. DROOPER.

A dust-cart stops the way.

THE BARONET.

A mass of objectionable conditions, I hear, are imposed by the benevolent non-donor of the land—what they are I have not heard. Perhaps he wants the inmates of the college rung in to dinner with a dustman's bell, to remind them of the founder—no, Drooper, not of the bell-founder, make another.

MR. DROOPER.

Or ordains that, with the same view, they shall eat hashes three times a week.

MR. TEMPLE.

Come, come, let Dodd be relieved. Do you see that a country solicitor has been fined for smoking in a first-class railway carriage, Dartington way?

THE BARONET.

Unless there were special circumstances against him, I should be inclined to ask you all to subscribe, and enclose him the fine with our compliments. Don't we all smoke in first-class carriages? I travel on railways as much as anybody, and the first thing I do on getting to the platform is to hint to the guard that I want a carriage that I can smoke in. I always get it, and he locks me in, that ridiculous people who don't like tobacco may not intrude upon me. Sometimes he fetches me matches, if I have forgotten to fill my fucose box. It is as much matter of custom as reading your newspaper, and I suppose that this gentleman mismanaged his business in some way.

THE MANDARIN.

I hate violating rules, except where it is necessary, and it is violating a rule to fee a railway servant. I have a key that will lock a carriage door. At night it is invaluable in excluding one's fellow-creatures. They can't open the door for themselves, and the railway man thinks it has been locked by some other railway man, for a reason, and so I travel in great comfort.

THE BARONET.

There ought to be no need for precautions or trouble. Certain carriages should be kept free from smokers, and the habit taken for granted elsewhere. What tyrannical law will be tried next? I suppose newspapers will be forbidden because they pitch into the companies.

MR. STROKE.

It makes me mildly sad to see a couple of full-grown, and intellectual men get into earnest about such a matter—mere bit of self-comfort.

THE MANDARIN.

Life is too short, my dear Stoke, for a wise man to allow himself to neglect any bit of self-comfort; and fortune is so uncertain that he is foolish to

practice to-day a voluntary self-denial, when tomorrow it may be involuntary. Where's the American?

THE EDITOR.

He has letters to send over, I suppose, telling how the Message is received here.

THE BARONET.

There's nothing in it, except that the President thinks the States should buy Cuba, and thus annihilate the great mart for the slave-traders. Whether the second operation would follow the first is a question on which there may be two opinions. I know that verbosity is highly esteemed over the water, but one would think that sensible men, like the Americans, must feel the absurdity of such loquaciousness as that of these Messages.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

It is better, and more respectful to a great nation, than the curt, pert emptiness of speeches from the Throne; but you haughty Islanders think that you do everything better than all the world besides.

MR. TEMPLE.

We do some things as well as the Americans. At their Auburn the other day, an unfortunate negro, in prison, was subjected to the shower-bath for some insubordination or other; some enormous quantity was poured down on him, and, of course, the poor old creature collapsed, or, as the jury delicately put it, his death was "hastened" by the infliction, just as Charles the First's death was "hastened" by his head being cut off.

MR. STROKE.

It makes one's blood creep. A new torture.

MR. TEMPLE.

Not new at all. Merely stolen from the old country. Let us be just. It is only about three years ago that the same thing was done in one of our lunatic asylums, by order of the surgeon, who had been enraged at some misconduct by a pauper lunatic. In neither case, of course, was it intended to kill the offender.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

A fact that must be highly satisfactory to him.

THE EDITOR.

I presume that M. de Montalembert is satisfied with his victory. The sentence is affirmed, but three months are taken off the imprisonment, and he escapes the deportation law. Now, is he to go to prison, or is pardon prospective?

THE BARONET.

If I were the Emperor, I would not be beaten. Nobody should force himself into my prison against my will.

THE COLONEL.

Perhaps Louis Napoleon will pardon him again, on Christmas Day, in consideration of its being another memorable anniversary. Nothing would astonish one, in "the saviour of French society."

MR. TEMPLE.

Christmas Day. What a dreadful bore is the festive season.

THE EDITOR.

Is it—spent in a good country house, with a party of pleasant people not at all related to you?

MR. TEMPLE.

Ah! that is getting rid of the chief conditions of Christmas revelry. Anybody can be happy



when he gets away from those who are near and dear to him.

THE EDITOR.

What an atrocious sentiment! What does it mean, my dear Temple?—Some little family feud, some *vendetta*, which you nurse with unrighteous satisfaction, but which you are now compelled to stanch, in compliance with the healthy and Christianlike customs of the season.

MR. TEMPLE.

Something of the sort. But it can't be helped. The pleasantest Christmas I ever spent was in Africa.

THE MANDARIN.

Do the Africans make good plum puddings?

MR. TEMPLE.

I was in quarantine in Alexandria "on Christmas Day in the morning," having been bitten by mosquitoes for the preceding four days and nights, and having been, moreover, enclosed in an apartment with an American acquaintance, who had many good qualities, but whose historical information was not the most remarkable among them, seeing that he had never heard the name of Pontius Pilate.

THE COLONEL.

Taking one thing with another, I would as soon have been among uncles and cousins.

MR. TEMPLE.

Ah, but listen! I have copied out a bit of my diary, in order to read it to those very uncles and cousins on Saturday (*reads*): "Tuesday, 24. Christmas Eve. Fat little doctor came to see me, and ask whether I were well. Told him yes, except that I was covered with mosquito bites, and that I should look upon it as a most gentlemanly and considerate attention if he would cure me of those manifestations before turning me out to the African world. He laughed, and told me I should have something worse on the Nile, which comforted me, and I cleaned my pipes, went to bed, and dreamed that the room was full of wild cats and kittens."

THE EDITOR.

Still I am inclined to hold with the Colonel.

MR. TEMPLE.

Hold your tongue (*reads*): "Christmas-day. Up at seven."

THE MANDARIN.

Another comfort.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

"Up in the mornin's no for me," as our great Irish pote says.

MR. TEMPLE.

"Gave my blue shirt to the black man, to his extreme satisfaction. We had no language in common, but every time thenceforth that my eye rested on him, he grinned, smoothed himself down, back and front, as significant of a shirt, and danced off. Also gave him twelve piastres."

THE O'DONNEGAN.

This chronicling your charities seems to me mighty Pharisaical.

MR. TEMPLE.

"A most comfortable English omnibus waited at the door, and on my release, it took me to the Oriental Hotel, which is in the handsome European Square."

THE MANDARIN.

Stop, stop. If there is much instructive matter

—topographical information about the place, or any infernal graphic writing, I appeal to your humanity, at this season, to stop.

MR. TEMPLE.

Not a bit (*reads*): "Had a capital wash, and a tolerable breakfast. Went to Mr. Button's pillar, also known as Pompey's, but W. Button's name is in large letters, whereas there is no inscription to Pompey, and the pillar was erected to neither."

THE MANDARIN.

You will be instructive!

MR. TEMPLE.

"My American friend hammered at the pillar (he was great in collecting specimens) for half an hour, and got a less piece of stone than I bought of a plump Arab girl for half a piastre. Saw hundreds of donkeys. Called on a Consul, and was invited to a child's party in the evening. Had some bottled porter."

THE O'DONNEGAN.

The only sensible thing I've heard yet.

MR. TEMPLE.

"Walked to Cleopatra's needle, and sent my linen to the wash. Smoked several pipes, and wrote some verses." (*Looks up timidly. There are signs of mutiny.*)

THE EDITOR.

Gentlemen, if you think that they can be duller than the prose, we will stop them.

MR. TEMPLE.

They were written, I remember, in my shirt-sleeves.

MR. STOKES.

I read in an old book of a lover adding to his letter an apology to his mistress for so writing to her—

MR. TEMPLE.

It was too hot to move, and I felt lazy—

THE MANDARIN.

Go-ahead, you have said enough to account for their badness, but not for your reading them here.

MR. TEMPLE.

On the contrary, they are very good (*reads*):

"I am bit by the mosquitoes  
And the bites they itch and swell  
And put decided voices  
On a party's looking well.  
My face—"

(*Murmurs of disapprobation.*)

MR. TEMPLE.

Well, here's another bit:

"A dozen flags are floating  
From a dozen Consuls' poles,  
Protection ships denoting  
For all us wandering souls.  
The Union Jack is on the breeze  
Up there, across the way,  
The only English thing one sees,  
Although it's Christmas Day."

THE MANDARIN.

But why needed you go to Africa to write such ineffable rubbish. Surely it might have been written and burned at home.

MR. TEMPLE (*enraged*).

It's a sketch on the spot, and therefore has interest independent of its merits.

"Mosquito curtains round my bed,  
My floor with marble paved,  
A red tarboosh is on my head,  
My beard by no means shaved.  
A shiny black man shines my boots,  
A Frenchman brings my tray,  
A German hopes the 'chamber shoots'  
And this is Christmas Day."

THE MANDARIN (*earnestly*).

I protest against this. Even at Christmas there is a limit to indulgence. If there is more, we ought not to hear it.

MR. TEMPLE.

The next verse is very touching, but I will not read any more. You don't look at things properly. That was written in Africa.

THE MANDARIN.

He talks of a place that lies a few hours from Malta, as if it were a grand feat to have reached it. Why, I have been half over the world, and never talk about it.

MR. TEMPLE (*spitefully*).

I admit that nobody would know you had had such opportunity of improving your mind.

THE EDITOR.

Don't be vexed, Temple. Tell us the rest of your Christmas Day.

MR. TEMPLE.

O, there's nothing to tell, if it is not received in a social spirit. I had (*reads*): "A hearty and excellent dinner at the hotel, and for the sake of old customs and old friends, got the landlord to hunt me up a bottle of port wine, which, rather to my surprise, proved to be exceedingly good, and in this I drank the health of everybody whom I cared about—"

THE O'DONNEGAN.

A glass to each, I hope. In common politeness you could not do less, my friend.

MR. TEMPLE.

"Finished the bottle, and dressed for the child's party—"

THE MANDARIN.

Where you behaved yourself as such—that is, childishly.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Which he laid to the poor good port, whereas—

MR. TEMPLE.

Gentlemen, this is not repartee, but what is termed "chaff."

THE COLONEL.

But as nobody wants to catch an old bird at Christmas, but the contrary—

MR. TEMPLE.

*Et tu, Brute.* I have done, else I would have read you of a remarkable dream which I had that night, how I thought I was eating an eagle that had been cooked alive—

MR. STOKES.

You must excuse me, Mr. Temple, but you remind me of a little hymn I learned as a boy:

"He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking."

THE EDITOR.

Gentlemen, will you fill your glasses. Temple has been sneering at Christmas socialities, and here is his diary to show that he could not help keeping Christmas, even in Africa. I dare say that a good many other people who affect to dislike the old observance would be very sorry to see it abolished. In that faith, I propose to give the Old English Toast of the Season. A Merry Christmas to us and ours.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

And everybody else and theirs, and all the rest of the world.

(*Note-book closed amid general enthusiasm.*)

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At St. James's Hall there was, on Tuesday last, a private view of Mr. Owen Jones's design for the "Palace of the People," proposed to be erected at Muswell Hill, as a new crystal palace for the northern half of the metropolis. Besides a block-model, there were five large and highly-finished views of the proposed building, and a dozen plans and sections. In general character the building bears a certain affinity to the Sydenham Crystal Palace, and like that it is to be of iron and glass; but there is sufficient difference in the design to remove from it the stigma of mere imitation. The plan comprises a great central area, and two naves, with galleries and apsidal terminations, which are to serve as refreshment rooms. The extreme length of the building is 1296 feet, its greatest width 492 feet. The exterior is more architectural in character than the Crystal Palace; but there is no such deep recess as in the garden front of that building produces such pleasing effects of light and shadow. The central area is surmounted by a dome, which rises between four lofty towers, and a corresponding tower is placed at each angle of the building. Judging from the model and drawings, the appearance of the building will be very striking, with something of an Oriental cast in its style; but it seems to us that it would be far finer and more imposing if the magnificent dome (60 feet larger in diameter than that of the British Museum reading-room) were made to rear its head aloft, instead of being sunk and dwarfed between the towers. This would at once give character and nobleness to the whole building whether looked at close at hand or from a distance; and it would mark out and give emphasis to the part which is intended to be the chief feature of the interior—the grand central circular area, which is to be glazed on all sides and to form a winter garden. Another remarkable feature of the interior is a great lecture-theatre capable of accommodating ten thousand persons, and apparently intended to serve also as a concert-room. One of the naves is to be appropriated to a permanent exhibition of Works of Industry and Objects of Commerce; the other to the Arts and Sciences. Ample provision is made for ingress and egress. Altogether the building must be regarded as a very remarkable one, whether it become a reality or exist only as a castle in cloudland.

The Havelock Monument is awarded to Mr. Behnes. His design is that pointed out by us a fortnight back as the most meritorious of the competing models; and the statue will, we have no doubt, be a very effective one: but the choice is a sufficient proof of the folly of such a competition. A very excellent life-size bust of Havelock by Mr. Behnes was exhibited along with the competition models at the Suffolk Street Gallery.

Mr. Robert Howlett, one of the most promising of our younger photographers, and favourably known to the public by an excellent series of portraits of English artists, as well as by works in other branches of the art, has been carried off somewhat suddenly. He had promised to attend the meeting of the Photographic Society on Friday, the 11th, in order to exhibit and describe the negatives from which Mr. De la Rue's admirable photographs of the moon were taken; but the members had to listen instead to the chairman's announcement of his death. He was only 27.

Dr. Richard Bright, the eminent physician, died yesterday week, after a short illness. He received patients, and was out in his carriage the previous Saturday, after which he complained of indisposition, and retired to his chamber, which he never left again alive. The deceased was the third son of Mr. Richard Bright, of Ham Green, Somerset, and was born in Bristol, in September, 1789, so that he was in his 76th year. In 1816 he was admitted a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, and was shortly after elected assistant physician to the London Fever Hospital. In 1820 he confined his public duties entirely to Guy's Hospital, of which he had been elected assistant physician, and continued to discharge the

duties of that office till 1854, when, on the retirement of Dr. Laird, he succeeded him as physician of that institution. For some sessions he lectured alone, and afterwards associated with him Dr. Addison. In 1832, he was made a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and the following year was appointed Goulstonian lecturer, and in 1836 chosen one of the four censors, the late Drs. Paris and Chambers and Sir H. Holland being his colleagues. Dr. Bright contributed largely to the advancement of medical science by his various books. His works on dropsical affections have a universal reputation, and have been translated into all the languages of Europe. He was greatly esteemed by the members of his profession. He was physician extraordinary to the Queen, was a fellow of the Royal Society and several other scientific institutions. He was twice married; first to Martha, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Babington, and secondly to Miss Follett, youngest daughter of Mr. Bryan Follett, of Topsham, near Exeter, and sister to the late Sir William Follett.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts held its inaugural meeting on Friday last, at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the presidency of Viscount Ranelagh; when the Society was declared to be established. The meeting, which was well attended, was addressed by the chairman, the secretary, and the Rev. J. C. M. Bellet, but no person professionally connected with the arts took part in the proceedings; and neither peer, parson, nor penman did much to dissipate the hazy atmosphere which hangs around the project. A very few business-like words explanatory of the constitution of the Society and of the means and machinery by which it purposes to carry out its magnificent and multifarious intentions, would have been far more satisfactory than any quantity of such not very judicious or relevant discourse as was uttered on this occasion. After the meeting, the company adjourned to examine some paintings chiefly lent by Mr. Flaton, portfolios of drawings by Messrs. Burnett and Parrotti, and models of busts and statues by Messrs. Noble and Adams. The evening's entertainment was wound up by a performance of vocal and instrumental music. Everything, including the use of the hall and the services of the singers, was a free will offering to the Society. It was announced that the directors of the Polytechnic Institution had offered the free use of a room for the ordinary meetings, and Mr. Gambard that of the French Gallery for the conversations of the Society;—valuable indications of sympathy with the object in view. The Society has our best wishes, but we are far from sanguine in our anticipations. Anything which will bring artists, amateurs, and the public into more frequent and friendly intercourse and communion must be productive of benefit to all parties and to Art. We fear, however, that in aiming at so much the whole scheme will be imperilled.

## OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

We have already said that the letters received by the English ambassador on the 15th of March, 1865, contained Queen Elizabeth's refusal to recognise Mary Stuart's right to the succession until she was married. Randolphe communicated this message to Queen Mary on the following day, at which she was so deeply moved that "for that present she spake not." When Randolphe requested to know what answer he might either send or carry himself to Elizabeth, "she desired to have time to advise thereupon until the morrow" when he had another audience. Mary, on that occasion, simply wished him to write for a passport for Lethington to go into France; she made no allusion to what had passed on the previous day, so that, as Randolphe observes, he "may rather conjecture what her mind is" upon that subject "than know for certain." Mary herself was certainly "discontented" and "wept her fill" after her interview with the English ambassador. Lethington also plainly said that he could not "advise his Mistress to make any

longer stay or to drive any more time;" and Murray was of opinion that "it will in tyme grow unto further unkindness;" he was "the most sorrowful man that may be." Randolphe hastens to inform Cecil of all this, and writes as follows:

## Randolphe to Cecil.

Edinburgh, 17 March, 1565-6.

Maye yt please yo<sup>r</sup> h. I am forced at thys tyme to use more shortenes in my wrytinge then I wolde willinglye, or then I have byne accustomed in these matters to dervyse you at lengthe. Upon Fridaye [16<sup>th</sup>], I declared unto thys Q. the contentes of the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup>'s comandement unto me, w<sup>ch</sup> after thys Q. had heard yt appered that she was more comoved then for that presente she spake. I neither added or lefte unspoken any thyng that was in her Ma<sup>tie</sup>'s lre, but so uttered as I myghte beste, to have her fynde all good that was mento of my Sov<sup>er</sup> towards her. When yt came to the poynt that I desired her that I myghte knowe what answer I myghte ether sende or carrie my self to the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> she desired me to have tyme to advyse ther upon untill the morrowe. Thys daye attendinge upon her G. she asked me yt Liddington had spoken unto me synce yesterdaye, for that she had willed hym to speake unto me to wryte unto the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> for a passeporte for hym to goe into France and for the spedie gettinge of the same wolde sende a servant of her owne w<sup>ch</sup> sholde departe to morrowe. What her mynde is therby I maye rather conjecture then knowe for certayne, allwayes I fynde her dyscontented and here by some that she hath weapte her fyll since I declared the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup>'s resolution unto her. Some greates conference I knowe ther is betwene the Cardinall of Lorraine and Grandevile. A requeste came latlye hyther that she wolde not be over hasty in anye matter to conclude w<sup>th</sup> Engl. To confer of these matters she will gyve credit to none but to the L. of Lid. W<sup>ch</sup> hym I have not spoken thys daye, but yesterdaye dyd; of the answer, he saythe that he dothe not mislyke, but to counsell hys Mestres to mayke anye longer staye or to dryve anye more tyme he nether came nor wyl. My L. of Murraye is of the opinion that yt wyl in tyme growe unto farther unkyndenes, and is the sorrowfullest man that maye be. All these thynges I wryte in haste and upon the suddayne, perchance to fynde in them to morrowe some alteration; but in thys sorte I assure you yt stonde the for the present, that thys Q., and as mayenye as knowe of the resolution, are greaved at her hartes. I have to wryte unto yo<sup>r</sup> h. of the Duke and my L. of Argyle, of maynize other mischeves lyke to growe in thys countre: some for religion, some for feare of overthrowing of their howses, some for dowie of her marriage w<sup>ch</sup> some paypste, that in my lre I have not founde so dyscontented a people as are here at thys present; but of all these matters I must sayke a convenient tyme then nowe I have anye, to let yo<sup>r</sup> h. understonde them as thes are indende.

Moste humblye I tayke my leave. At Edenboure, the xvii<sup>th</sup> of Marche, late in the nyghte, 1565.

Yo<sup>r</sup> h. ever at comande,

THO: RANDOLPHE.

Mary thus deceived in the hopes she had so long entertained, turned towards Lord Darnley. His descent was royal, his grandmother being the sister of Henry VIII., and his mother cousin-german to Queen Elizabeth. He had already pleased her exceedingly, and was not long in gaining her heart. An illness with which he was soon after seized, most probably hastened on the crisis; and her subsequent behaviour made apparent to every eye the passion with which he had inspired her. On the 7th April, Randolphe tells Cecil that:

My L. Darnleye for the space of 5 or 6 dayes hath byne verie evile at ease. Maynize toke yt for the cold, and intendinge to sweete to dryve that awaye, the mesels came owte upon hym marvelous thicke. He was paste all daynger at my comynge awaye, w<sup>ch</sup> was yesterdaye, Frydaye, at 3 of the clocke after none. He loggethe in the Castle, and ther is served w<sup>th</sup> a messe of meate at his owne charge. Some tymes a reverstion [reversion], i.e. a dish originally prepared for the Queen [commeth] from the Q. table to hym. My L. his father lodgethe in the towne and kepeth howse ther. Great expectation what shall become of thys greates favour borne to my L. Darnleye, w<sup>ch</sup> maketh here amongst us suche smattering; that burste owte yt muste some waye or other to some meniall coste. I wyl warrant you and yo<sup>r</sup> towie natlye thys somer he paste; by the nexte wynter ether he shall mayke yt sure for ever, or fare well my portie and lode.



Subsequent events fully confirmed the correctness of Randolph's discernment. Perhaps his observation of what passed between Mary and Darnley, at a game in which he took a part, may have led him to form such an opinion. It is evident that something happened on that particular evening: Darnley paid his loss in the game to Mary Beton with some jewellery. Did Mary Stuart exhibit any feeling of jealousy, or betray any sign of affection for Darnley on the occasion? The English ambassador, in the conclusion of this letter, says:

I had that honor to playe a partie at a playe theie call the biles, my mestres Beton and I agaynst the Q. and my L. Darlye, the women to have the gayne of the wynges. Beton and I havinge the better, my L. Darlye payde the losse, and gave her a ringe and a bruche, with two agathes, worthe fiftie crownes. Here upon dependeth a tale that requireth more tyme then now I have to write.

Chalmers is in error when he says *two watches*. Little more than a week has elapsed; Randolph again writes to Cecil. He speaks of the growing familiarity between Mary and Darnley; the suspicions it breeds that more "is intended than to give him honor, either for the nobility of his birth or for Queen Elizabeth's sake;" and the ulterior designs attributed to Elizabeth, "who so well recommended the Earl of Lennox and his son, on their return to Scotland."

#### Randolph to Cecil.

Berwick, 15 April, 1565.

Maye yt please yo<sup>r</sup> h. for duties sake I have not spared from tyme to tyme to wryte howe myche the comynge home of my L. of Lenox was mislyked. What also was judged of my L. Darlies arrivall and what was presently feared, yo<sup>r</sup> h. hath heard. The thyng now sheweth yt self, and the matter growne to a farther ripenes. The familiarite used unto hym by thys Q. breedeth no smale suspicion that ther is farther intended then to gyve hym honor ether for the nobilitie of hys byrthe, or for the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> sake, by whom (yt is saide) he was so well recommended. Yt is now comenly spoken, and as I beleve farther is of yt than a brute, that thys Q. hath all rediee suche good likinge of hym that she can be contente to forsake all other offers and gyve of [sic] all suters, and contente her self with her owne choyce. Of what soever my L. of Liddington knoweth in thys matter, what he will utter I wotte not, but thys I am assured, that with a greete number of the beste of his countrie he is partaker of the greves with theie conceave of the inconveniences and dayngers lyke to issue yt thys matter be not remedied, and for his owne parte shall as sone fynde yt as anye of the reste. Howe farre all rediee theie have gone, as yt is myche easer for hym to know the trothe then me: so I wyshe that he wolde be playne with yo<sup>r</sup> h. and as frendly deale in thys as wysely and carefullye he can worke in all thynges that mayke to hys Sovereigns comoditie and advantage. And yf he cane at thys tyme so myche prevale agaynst hys owne hope as to perswade the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> to fynde yt good, and to yelde as myche with hym as ever she was with anye other I muste needs comende his wytt and allowe his doynges for ever. All wayes howe ever yt be I wolde that the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> were wolde of the suspicion that is here of her spoken to my face, that the sendinge of hym home was a thyng done of purpose to matche thys Q. meanely and poorlye to farther ende then to lyve longer in anytie. Howe apparant false so ever thys be, I feare that yf those matters do thus issue, yt wyll be an occasion to alter maynie mens hearts that were well affected to her Ma<sup>tie</sup>. Of thys matter bycawse I have at other tymes wryten I neede not at thys tyme to trouble yo<sup>r</sup> h. anye farther.

Moste humblye I take my leave. At Berwycke the xvth of April, 1565.

Yo<sup>r</sup> h. bounden all waye  
at comande,

THO: RANDOLPHE.

In the midst of these rumours, Mary dispatches Lethington to the English court, to communicate her resolutions regarding Darnley, and with instructions to use his influence to procure the approbation of Elizabeth. Randolph in his next letter confirms the reports about the Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley; he fears the result; says his "whole care is to avoid the suspicion that Elizabeth be not thought to have been the means and worker thereof;" and that it is further suspected that the "good amity" with England "shall hereby be cutt off."

#### Randolph to Cecil.

18 April, 1565.

What so mever I wrote laste unto yo<sup>r</sup> h. by my Servant I maye yet boldlye confirme the same by cawse I here daylye so myche addyd therunto verie lyke to be trewe bysyds some funde tales and folysh reportes of hys L. owne servantes and messengers that yt is wonder to the herers and greef unto maynie to see the fonde usage. Yo<sup>r</sup> h. shall here of these thynges rather by other of worthyer credit then by anye thyng that I wyll wryte therof. Thys is now my whole care howe to avoide the suspicion that the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> be not thought to have byne the meane and worker hereof, with perchance maye be alleged by some as that was of his fathers retorne at the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> sute. I am sorrie to here the greete complayntes of dyvers, the myslykings of the suddayntie, the small advyse taken of any, but inspeciall the feare theie have that thys maye breede greete myslykinge in the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> towards thys Q. to whome she was so well mynded. Yt is farther suspected that the good amity that was intended to the weale of bothe the countries shall here by be cutte off. What mischeif or inconvenience is feared at home amongstest themselves, I see lykelyhood inough, though I truste yt shalbe farre other wyse, yf good remedies be taken in tyme. Yo<sup>r</sup> h. labour cane never be better bestowed then yf that thys matter be so farre paste that yt cane not be stayede, yet yf yo<sup>r</sup> whole travayle maye tende bothe to keape the countrie quiet with yt self and by some good meanes or other contynue the frendeshepe that is begone and hartelye desyered of all the godlye. To this effecte I have byne ofte required to travayle. Maynie have desyered me that for anye greif that I do conceave of the evile suces of my travayle, that yet I wyll not gyve over the comen cawse and care that I have had of their countrie, bothe to God's glorie and increase of good anytie. These thynges I confesse have moved me greatlye to wyshe them well, with was all that was in my power, but seinge that these thynges by themselves myghte have byne amended or in dene tyme provided for, whye do theie looke that other men sholde be more carefull of their estate then theie themselves are or wilbe. Worre then thys is suspected, whereof I praye God that I maye conceave wronge judgements, or the thyng [it] self in fewer mens mouthes then yt is. What is thought of hym self in his behavieur, in his wytt and judgemente, I wolde ther were lesse spoken then is, but cheiflye lesse occasion for all men to enlarge their tonges as theie do.

Yf by thys yo<sup>r</sup> h. be not satisfied, but deayer mo perticularites, I have a greater number than I maye well put in wrytinge, with to yo<sup>r</sup> h. shall not be secrete when yt please yo<sup>r</sup> to gyve signification of yo<sup>r</sup> will to be farther informed, though I assure yo<sup>r</sup> I cane not utter them but with greete greif of harte when so ever yt please yo<sup>r</sup> to comande them. Nowe in deade I do repente my tyme so longe bestowed amongstest them that through theirowne unadvised doynges have broughte as I feare their countrie to confusion. With the Duke I spake not longe since, he take the hys howse quyte overthrowne, and with hevie heart beholdeth the syght of them that he feareth shalbe his confusion. He trusted myche in the Q. favour towards hym, now he seeth his presente undoyng, and all hys adversaries tendinge to that ende. The Godlye crye owte and thynke them selves undone. No hope of anye sure establisshement of Chrystes trewe religion, but that all shall torne to confusion. Thus yo<sup>r</sup> h. understandeth their case, with suche conference as yo<sup>r</sup> h. shall have with my L. of Lid. yo<sup>r</sup> h. shall better conceave what shalbe here for bothe the realmes.

The xviii<sup>th</sup> of April, 1565.

Yo<sup>r</sup> h. bounden allwayes  
at comande,

THO: RANDOLPHE.

The next letter, which is one of the "Conway papers," is very much torn and injured by damp; are inserted where the text is destroyed:

#### Randolph to the Earl of Leicester.

23 April, 1565.

Thoughe I have . . . to wryte of since my laste lres yet . . . so maynie wayes bounde in dewtie as I am, I wolde be loothe to omitt anye oportunite that is offered as at thys present [by] the bearer hereof, servante to my L. of Bedford. In Scotlande all thynges remaine in the state theie were at my laste wrytinge. My L. Darlie remayneth dowtfullye sicke, some tymes well, at other tymes taken with sharpe pargies, his paynes holdinge hym in his stomacke and his head. His father hath the lath wryten hyther of the good hope he hath of his amendment. He lacketh no attendances nor comforte that maye be shewede in tyme of sycknes, what dysesse so ever yt be. He is ofte visited by the greatest, and

lacketh no compaignie of the fayereste, yf any heale may be had that waye for his maladie. The Courte is now verie small, there are no moe noble men, but my L. of Aithall the father and the sone. I maye not leave yt unwryten unto yo<sup>r</sup> L. that upon Palme Sondaye ther was a preste taken at masse in Edenboure. He was brought in his vestiments to the market crosse and ther tyed with a roope 3 howers together 3 severall dayes. The boyes of the towne have [broken] so maynie egges upon hym that he hard[lye] escaped with hys lyf. Thus . . . I do moste humblye . . . April, 1565.

Yo<sup>r</sup> h. L. bounden  
and ever at comande,

THO: RANDOLPHE.

To the righte honorable my verie good Lorde

The Earle of Leicester,

Mr [of the] Queens Ma<sup>ties</sup> horses and  
[one] of her hyghenes moste honorable  
Privie Counsell.

On the 29th of April, Randolph again writes to Cecil. He alludes to Elizabeth's instructions for the "return" of Lord Lennox and his son, and says the opinion in Scotland is universal that her Majesty's sending the latter there "was a thing done of purpose to worse end than I am willing to put in writing."

I have receaved the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> lres with thother to my L. of Lenox and my L. Darlie, and beinge redde to departe with them towards the Courte, I receaved advertisemente from my L. Bedford, that the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> mynded for the retorne of my L. of Lenox and his sone was altered, and that her Ma<sup>tie</sup> pleasure was that yf those lres were not delivered, that I sholde no farther procede in that sorte, but advertise in what state all thynges stode here as nere as I coulde ferne.

The lres I have stayede, and intende to mayke no worde of the charge comyt unto me in that behalfe, but in my symple judgemente yf her Ma<sup>tie</sup> had so founde yt good, her Ma<sup>tie</sup> myghte have byne wolde of that suspicion that is now almoste universall of her G., that the sendinge of the L. Darlie home was a thyng done of purpose to worse ende then I am willing to put in wrytinge, in speciall seinge yo<sup>r</sup> h. cane conceave inough of my meaninge. Of the matter self I knowe yt so farre paste yf, what so ever maye be saide otherwyse I am habile to advouch it with better assurance then he cane that saythe the contrarie. His L. is not yet fullye recovered, and for that cawse dothe the Q. staye her yornaye for a fewe dayes to St. Johnstons. Her care hath byne mervellus greate and tender over him. Suche tales, such brutes sprede abroad of her doyngs that yt is wonder to here what dyscontentement ther is presently amongstest her people. I speake not now of the comen sorte whome I truste leaste, but of those of best judgemente and wyseste in thys realme, and at one worde to saye yt, never anye in her governement worce lyked. Yf oughte were to be wysed but anytie, peace, and concord, and the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> well dysposed to trye what she myghte do, I beleve the tyme was never lyke, nor mo. advantages to be had.

With respect to Murray, the English Ambassador observes:

My L. of Murraye I have not seene since before Easter. Upon Twesdaye he wyll be in thys towne with all the frendes he hath in Scotlande, I meane of the beste, to keape the daye of lawe agaynst the Earle Bothewell, whome some saye is all rediee imbarcked towards France or Denmark, of thys as yet I knowe not the certaintie. To have thys daye paste, and to comen with some that wyll be at yt, I tarrye in thys towne.

My L. of Murraye upon Saturdaye came to Sterlings. He had worce contentance then he looked for. He is suspected not to favour thys intente of the Q. with my L. Darlie. Here of I muste wryte more after I have spoken with hym self, that I maye be the better assured what he myndes is, with yf yt be not altered since I spake with hym, he hath no cawse, nor seeth no good whye he sholde, allowe of yt. I heeseche yo<sup>r</sup> h., beleave not hastelye that maye be spoken by some of his good wyll that waye. Ther was never man in greater care, never in more suspicion then he is at thys present.

Speaking of the religious observances at Easter, and Queen Mary's personal behaviour on that occasion, Randolph in the same letter says:

This yo<sup>r</sup> h. shall knowe for certayne, that greater triumph ther was never in anye tyme of moste poperie then was thys Easter at the resurreccion and at her hye masse. Orgaynes was wonte to be the comen musycke. She wanted nether trompet, drume, nor fyfe, baggypipe, nor taker. The worlde speaketh of yt, and I am astasted to

wrote yt of her whome I honored as in deitie I myght. Upon the Mundaye she and divers of her women appalled them selves lyke bourgeois wyves, wente upon their feete up and downe the towne. Of everie man thes mette thes tooks some plegde for a peece of monye towards the banquet, and in the same lodgings wher I [am] accustomed to lodge ther was the dyner prepared, and greates cheare made, at the whiche was her self, with the great wonder and gasinge of man, woman, and chyld. This is spoken of, thys is myche wondered at of a Q. Yf yt be to be allowed, I referre yt to other.

In allusion to Bothwell, Randolphe, on the 30 March, 1565, in a letter to Cecil, makes use of the following remarkable words :

"My L. Bothwell hath as greivouslye offended thys Q. for words spoken agaynst the Q. Ma<sup>ty</sup> [Elizabeth] as those that he spoke of her self, calling her Cardinals hoore. She hath sworn unto me, upon her hono<sup>r</sup>, that he shall never receive favour at her hands."

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 22nd December.

A PAINFUL event has cast gloom over literary circles. M. Rigault, one of the youngest but not one of the least brilliant writers of the *Journal des Débats* was about a week ago engaged in preparing an article in his study, when all at once his hand stood still—his thoughts became confused—and he sank heavily to the floor. People rushed in, and to their dismay found that his intelligence was entirely gone. Change of scene and air were recommended by physicians, and he was hurried to Evreux in Normandy. At first, hopes were entertained that he would recover, but yesterday news arrived that he was dead. Vain though it be to murmur at death, men feel as if grievous wrong were done them when it strikes down in the early prime of manhood one who possessed great natural talent, and no common attainments,—who had already made himself a distinguished name, and had every reason to count on a long career of usefulness and renown.

The accession of M. Rigault to the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, was somewhat singular and made not a little noise. Very many of the principal contributors to the leading periodicals and journals of the city hold situations as professors, librarians, and so on, in the department of Public Instruction; and as they are all, with one or two "base exceptions," hostile to despotism in government, they had the courage to let their way of political thinking be seen in their lucubrations. Irritated at this, the government issued an invitation to certain of these gentlemen, who appeared of more courage or talent than the rest, to cease to write any more, and even to transfer their services to governmental periodicals if required. M. Rigault, who held some subordinate situation in some college or other, and who had written a few chance articles in the *Débats*, indignantly refused to do either. The government, to make an example, instantly dismissed him. But the proprietors of the *Débats*, with generosity and tact which did them honor, at once took him to their staff at an excellent salary, and left him the much-envied privilege of only writing on such subjects, in such a way, and at such times, as he pleased.

The testamentary executors of Béranger, one of whom is his publisher, M. Perotin, announce their intention of making a collection of his correspondence, and they appeal to all persons who received letters from him to be kind enough to communicate them, or copies of them. As the poet wrote not a few letters to English people, the appeal in question ought to be made in England, as well as in France.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—During the week ending December 18, 1858, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 1722; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 3144; on the three Students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 415; one Students' evening, Wednesday, 48. Total, 5329. From the opening of the Museum, 698,476.

## SCIENTIFIC.

### MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

**MONDAY, Dec. 27.**—*Institute of Actuaries*, 7 P.M. Mr. Hodge on "The Rates of Interest for the Use of Money in Ancient and Modern Times."—*United Association of Schoolmasters*, Fifth Annual Meeting, 3 P.M. (At the House of the Society of Arts.) Business: Address by T. Tate, Esq., F.R.A.S., President, on "The Teaching of Physical and Experimental Science in Schools;" on "The Difficulties of the 'Education Question';" by the Rev. Canon Richison, Honorary Member of the Association; on "The Progress of Society in England, as affected by the Advancement of Primary Education;" by J. D. Morell, Esq., M.A., Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, Honorary Member of the Association. Discussion.

**TUESDAY, Dec. 28.**—*United Association of Schoolmasters*, 3 P.M. On "Moral and Religious Teaching" by the Rev. C. H. Bromby, M.A., Principal of the Church of England Training College, Cheltenham, Vice-President of the Association. Discussion. On "Instruction in Social Science; the Method of conducting it, and its probable influence upon Industrial Progress and Well-being, if carried out more systematically and generally;" by William Ellis, Esq. Discussion.—*Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor Faraday on "Metalline Properties, Lustre, &c."

**THURSDAY, Dec. 30.**—*Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor Faraday on "Metalline Properties, Chemical Power, &c."

**SATURDAY, Jan. 1, 1859.**—*Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor Faraday on "Metalline Properties, Heat, Electricity, Tenuity, &c."

**GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—December 1. Professor J. Phillips, President, in the chair. The following communication was read: "On the Geological Structure of the North of Scotland and the Orkney and Shetland Islands." Part II. By Sir R. I. Murchison, F.R.S., V.P.G.S. The rocks were described in their ascending order, as, first, a fundamental gneiss, traversed by granite veins at Cape Wrath; secondly, a red or chocolate-coloured sandstone and conglomerate, of great thickness, and regarded by the author as of Cambrian age; thirdly, succeeding unconformably, is a series of quartzite, with intercalated limestone, both of them often highly crystalline,—from the limestone, Mr. C. Peach had succeeded in obtaining, "near Durness," several fossils, shown to be of Lower Silurian age; fourthly, micaceous schists and flagstones occupying a wide extent of country to the east of Loch Eriboll, described as being of younger age than the foregoing, and older than the Old Red Sandstone series which occupies the north-eastern Highlands and a great portion of the eastern coast of Scotland; fifthly, the Old Red series, arranged by the author into three divisions, the middle being the Caithness Flags. In the past autumn Sir Roderick, feeling that several points required stricter examination, revisited the country already described, extending his researches both east and west, and to the most northerly point of the Shetlands. In this tour he not only confirmed his views previously announced with regard to the succession of the older rocks, but examined the structure of the Orkneys and Shetlands, more clearly defining the relations and physical characters of the beds there composing the Old Red series. The present memoir comprised the details of these later observations; and the principal points dwelt upon were:

1. The evidence obtained at various points that the Lower Silurian limestone is intercalated in quartz-rock (east of Loch Eriboll, Assynt, &c.).
2. That the Durness limestone lies in a basin supported by quartz-rock on the east as well as on the west.
3. That certain igneous rocks, connected with the Durness trough, are protruded near Smo, which had not before been noticed.
4. On this occasion corroborative evidence was adduced of the conformable superposition of the micaceous schists or gneissose flagstones to the quartzite series—the succession being visible at intervals in all the intermediate country between Loch Eriboll and Ledmore, and the passage upwards from the quartzites and their associated limestones into the schists and micaceous flags being both clear and persistent, with some local interruptions only of igneous rocks.
5. That the protrusion of porphyry, hypersthene, greenstone, &c., is not peculiar to any one

line, but occurs in the purple or Cambrian sandstone, in the overlying Silurian limestone of Durness, and again in the still higher micaceous flagstones; and that the latter, when intruded upon by granite, much resemble the old gneiss.

6. With regard to the Old Red series of the east coast, Sir Roderick pointed out the extension of the middle set of deposits, namely the Caithness flags—their great thickness in Caithness compared with their development in the south—and their range over the Orkneys into the Shetlands, where they also thin out, putting on a somewhat different lithological character, and where the Old Red series is chiefly represented by sandstones, the upper part containing plants. He dwelt upon the great value of the Caithness flags as paving-stones, their extraordinary durability being due to a certain admixture of lime and bitumen (the latter derived from fossil fishes) with silica and alumina, whilst in some parts they contain bitumen enough to render them of economic value. The author next pointed out the passage of the Caithness flags upwards into light-coloured sandstones, which eventually form the great headlands of Dunnet and Hoy, where such overlying sandstones cannot be of less thickness than 1200 to 1500 feet.

With regard to the micaceous rocks of the north-east of Scotland and the Shetland Isles, they are, according to the author, portions of the series which is younger than the fossiliferous Lower Silurian rocks of the west of Sutherland—the so-called gneiss of the Sutors of Cromarty belonging, in Sir Roderick's opinion, to the micaceous-flag series of eastern Ross-shire; and the gneissic rock extending southwards to Flowerburn, Kinroly, and Rosemarkie, near Fortrose, is regarded by him as a member of that series, altered by the intrusion of granitic and felspathic rocks. The paper was illustrated by a large series of rocks and fossils collected during the author's last tour, and by geological maps and coloured views and sections.

**ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.**—Nov. 5, Professor Donaldson in the chair. The Rev. C. W. Bingham gave a detailed account of a tessellated pavement at Dorchester Castle, which had apparently been erected on the site of a Roman villa. He sent a photographic representation of the mosaic design, printed in carbon by a new process, of which this is the first specimen. It is produced by Mr. Pouncy, of Dorchester, and is supposed to be wholly imperishable; whilst photographs printed in the usual manner are inferior in clearness and beauty, as also in durability. The pavement has been removed very successfully to the chapel of Dorchester Castle, under the care and direction of the governor of the gaol, Mr. Lawrence, to whom its preservation is due. Several mosaic floors had previously been brought to light at Dorchester, one of which is preserved in the County Museum; and, although of a less striking class of art than the pavements with figures found at Cirencester and Woodchester, they prove the extent of Roman occupation in Dorset. Professor Donaldson adverted to the variety and beauty of works of this description in England, such as the floors discovered at Leicester, in Yorkshire, and other counties. One of the most remarkable examples—that formerly to be seen at Northleigh, Oxfordshire—had totally perished, through neglect of keeping up the building which served to protect it from frost; and it is much to be feared that the remarkable mosaics and villa at Bignor, in Sussex, must speedily be destroyed through a similar cause. Mr. F. Carrington, Recorder of Wotton Bassett, read some curious notices of usages at baptisms, marriages, and funerals at Monmouth and in South Wales. He cited certain instances of the baptism of an infant on the coffin of the mother, deceased shortly after its birth, and this took place either at the parent's funeral, or in the church porch; the water being occasionally placed on the coffin instead of in the font. He gave an account of the Bidding previously to a Wedding, when the relatives of the betrothed couple are invited to assemble and present their wedding gifts; also of the Bride's Ale



on the wedding morning; the procession to church, with the fiddler, and the peculiar custom known as the Horse Wedding, when the nuptial party inount and scamper across country to the church as if in a steeple chase. Among funeral practices Mr. Carrington instanced the offering money on the Communion table—possibly a relic of Roman Catholic times—and originally intended to provide prayers for the deceased; also the decoration of graves on Palm Sunday, and certain other local customs. Mr. Burges described the mural paintings lately brought to light in Charlwood church, Surrey, and preserved through the good taste and zealous exertions of the Rector, the Rev. T. Burningham. The subjects portrayed are the legends of St. Nicholas, St. Edmund, St. Margaret, and St. Eulalia, with a remarkable representation of the allegorical subject, known as "Les trois vifs et les trois morts," of which other examples, but of later date, exist at Battle, and in several Norfolk churches. Mr. Burges gave some valuable remarks on the processes of art employed in these paintings, which may be attributed to the times of Edward II., a subsequent addition in the fifteenth century having apparently concealed great part of the first design. Mr. Yates offered some observations on Roman metalurgy in Britain, and produced facsimiles of inscriptions upon blocks of lead found in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and other localities, bearing the names of Hadrian, Vespasian, and several emperors. Mr. Augustus Franks noticed the curiously ornamented coffin of lead, a relic of Roman times, lately dug up in Shadwell Docks. Amongst objects of interest brought for inspection were the matrix of a seal of Lady Jane Grey, during the brief term of her titular reign; it is in Mr. Bernhard Smith's collections; drawings by Mr. Burges of the paintings discovered at Charlwood, and of mural paintings in Jersey; an exquisite illuminated Service Book, from the library of Mr. W. Tite, M.P.; several fine mediæval enamels, caskets, reliquaries, &c., contributed by Mr. Webb and Mr. Farrer. Mr. Rolande Hawkins brought a beautiful ivory mirror-case carved with subjects of romance, and the matrix of the Chapter Seal of Udine, lately obtained at Venice. The Rev. J. Beck exhibited several personal ornaments, relics of ancient usages collected in Sussex, and a specimen of richly decorated hangings of leather, stamped and painted, representing Meleager and the Boar. It was brought from an old mansion in Oxfordshire.—Dec. 3, Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., Vice-President, in the chair. A communication was received regarding the proposed excavations at Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury, the Roman Uriconium. The proposition lately made at the meeting of the Shropshire and North Wales Antiquarian Society, when the President, Beriah Botfield, Esq., M.P., offered a contribution of fifty guineas towards the exploration of that interesting site, had been taken up with great spirit. The Duke of Cleveland, on whose estates the ruins of the Roman city exist, had cordially given his consent; and liberal subscriptions promise to ensure the complete investigation of the remains, which will doubtless bring to light numerous valuable relics of ancient art, to enrich the Museum at Shrewsbury. Mr. Calvert, brother of the Consul of Great Britain on the coasts of Asia Minor, gave a very interesting report of his excavations in the Troad, illustrated by numerous drawings of sepulchral and other antiquities discovered. A memoir by Mr. Alexander Nesbitt was read, relating to certain vestiges of the Knights Templars in Worcestershire, and the memorials of the deceased members of the order, characterised by peculiar symbols. Mr. Westwood related the results of his recent tour in the North of Europe, and of various relics which he had noticed in Denmark, Holland, and other countries. Mr. Waller sent for examination a rubbing of a remarkable incised slab from a church near Tongres in Belgium. It is the figure of a knight deceased in 1279, and represents him with banner, armorial ailettes and shield, and various singular details of costume. Mr. Waller gave an account of this and some other remarkable engraved memorials in Belgium,

a selection of which would form a most valuable supplement to his series of sepulchral brasses in England. The Rev. Greville Chester communicated notices of antiquities of the Roman and Saxon periods, chiefly found at Southwold and at Burgh Castle; also a curious brass quadrant, bearing the badge of Richard II. and the date 1399. The Rev. W. Gunner sent a beautiful glass bead, of the early British period, found near Twyford; and Mr. H. L. Long exhibited relics of late Roman potteries near Farnham, Surrey, also some singular objects of glass and fettle ware from the Roman site of Lausanne, in Switzerland. Mr. Burges brought a collection of mediæval ironwork, and a fine hanging of stamped leather, from Venice, with heraldic decorations. Mr. Ready, of Lowestoft, brought a large collection of impressions from seals, which he had been permitted to copy in the muniment room at New College, and comprising some remarkable additions to the Royal series, especially a very beautiful unpublished seal of the Black Prince.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Wednesday, Dec. 15. Sir James Clark, Bart., President, in the Chair. Mr. T. W. Atkinson read "An account of an ascent with the Kirghis, through the mountain passes in the Alaton, to their summer pastures at the foot of the snowy peaks of the Acton, Chinese Tartary." A long discussion took place, chiefly between Mr. Crawford, Admiral Fitz Roy, Dr. Hodgkin, and Mr. Atkinson himself, which turned mainly on the capability and probability of the Kirghis contributing to our future trade with China. Mr. E. G. Squier, the American ethnologist, exhibited a number of fine photographs made in Honduras and Central America, on which he made some remarks, and gave an account of the remains of the Carib race now settled in Honduras.

THE CHRONOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF LONDON.—Winter Solstitial Meeting, Dec. 21.—Annual General Meeting. A favourable report was read of the progress and success of the Institute. The treasurer reported a balance of 20*l.* 10*s.*, and a large stock of printed Transactions, instead of a deficit as in former years. The new rules, as drawn up by Mr. Williams, were read and confirmed, and the officers and council appointed for the coming year. Dr. William Bell read a short notice he had received from Professor Lepsius at Berlin, on the conformity of the Phoenix cycle with the Egyptian to this period. A very learned paper was read by the Rev. William Wilson, jun., A.M., on a comparison of the lists of Eratosthenes and Manetho, in which the deductions of the writer, proving a conformity of the genuine Egyptian records with scripture history were necessarily deferred for want of time to another meeting. Dr. William Bell shortly pointed to the opinion of Professor Lepsius in his most recent work ("*Das Königs Buch*," p. 13), that the lists of Eratosthenes, as handed down to us, are in a state incurably corrupt; and the treasurer, Mr. J. W. Bosanquet, closed the discussion, by showing how his own calculations, from independent data, coincided within a year or two of the dates which Lepsius obtained from Egyptian monuments, of the important synchronisms of Sennacherib, Tirhaka, and Hezekiah.

## FINE ARTS.

### EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL AND PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION.

If it is in portraiture that photography has obtained the widest popularity, it is in the representation of architecture that it has achieved its greatest triumphs. Photography in fact first completely revealed the full pictorial character of architecture. Singularly faithful in the intricate details as well as the general forms, and often effective as well as faithful, as were many of the drawings of our own admirable architectural draftsmen—on the whole, the most skilful architectural draftsmen in Europe—and large in style and picturesque in composition as were the works

of those who aimed rather to produce pleasing pictures than strictly accurate delineations; we can hardly be said, before the discovery of photography, to have had more than a suggestion of that combination of breadth and grandeur of effect with perfect fullness and fidelity of detail, and that majesty of light and shadow alike in mass and minutie, which photography has rendered so familiar that we already almost cease to regard it as in any way wonderful. And if the painter would only accept the lesson, if he would only add aerial perspective and colour, worthy in its sombre glow and richness of the sun-painted chiaroscuro, and irradiate all with the unity and power of poetic imagination and human intelligence, we might now look to have architecture perfectly painted. To the architect photography has been at least as suggestive as to the architectural painter. More than anything else, perhaps, because there was no gainsaying its conclusions, was it calculated to convince architects of the importance of grandeur of mass and picturesqueness of outline—things of which, in their efforts to attain, on the one hand, classic regularity and symmetry, on the other, gothic irregularity and contrast, they had of late too generally lost sight; at the same time it showed them how much architectural beauty is dependent on character of surface and propriety of ornament; how, in a word, the Sun must have suitable form and tracery to work upon before he can render a structure imposing by any play of light and answering shadow.

Architects were not slow to recognise the value of the new art, and hastened to procure by its aid authentic elevations and admeasurements of the famous structures of ancient times. Photographs of such buildings, however, of sufficient size, and of a character to be of practical utility, proved to be difficult to procure, as well as expensive; and it occurred to some of our active-minded architects that, by forming an association which should put itself in communication with the leading professional photographers on the continent as well as at home, not merely would it be easy to obtain a much larger choice of photographs for the members, at a comparatively moderate cost, but that, by opening as it were a ready market for such works, they should be able to induce photographers to prepare views of buildings and parts of buildings with a stricter attention to professional requirements than they would if preparing them only for the general public. The Architectural Photographic Association was accordingly founded in 1857, most of the leading members of the profession numbering themselves from the first among its supporters. The Association is however by no means confined to architects. One of its leading objects being "to render the art of Photography serviceable to the knowledge of Architecture," as well as to "the requirements of the profession," it haills the accession of non-professional members to its ranks; and as it can offer to every member, in return for his subscription, a rare guinea's worth of architectural views, which he may select for himself from the annual exhibition, it is likely, so long as it is properly conducted, to have numerous adherents among the non-professional lovers of both architecture and photography.

The first exhibition of the Association was held about this time last year at the Suffolk Street Gallery, in connection with the Architectural Exhibition. This year the committee, we think wisely, determined to hold an independent exhibition, and for the purpose secured the smaller but more comfortable gallery of the Old Water Colour Society in Pall Mall East, and not only is the collection better, as it ought to be, than that of last year, but it is by far the best collection of architectural photographs yet exhibited in London.

The collection comprises some four hundred photographs, many of them of large size. Its leading features are series of views of the buildings of Egypt, Rome, Venice, and Spain; and, allowing for the absence of colour, we have in many of them not merely fidelity of rendering, but true artistic character of a very high order. Alongside these Venetian views, Canaletto's would look cold, and hard, and mechanical; by these

Roman ones. Piranesi's would seem jejune and meagre; beside the solemn desolation of these Egyptian monuments even Roberts's would wear an aspect of unreality and prettiness. We have here in fact, with all the breadth of Prout, not only his feeling, unrivalled among painters, for the surface and texture, to use a technical phrase, of mouldering buildings, but an accuracy of detail (we do not mean mere minuteness) such as he never attained.

The photographs of Rome, 120 in number, are by Mr. Macpherson, and average in size 15 inches by 11 each. They comprise a very large proportion of the existing monuments of the Mistress of the World, as well as several of the Rome of the Middle Ages. The collection therefore is one of much interest alike to those who have and to those who have not visited the Eternal City. As pictures they are not in every instance satisfactory; the point of view not being always well chosen, and there being about many of them an unpleasant murkiness of character. But many are in most respects excellent. As a whole they are the noblest series of Roman views we remember to have seen.

In brilliancy they are however far surpassed by the views in Venice by M. Camézi. Of these there are 34, and they are of the average size of 21 inches by 17—admitting therefore of a largeness of treatment worthy of the buildings they represent. We are inclined to place them in the first rank of architectural photographs. In size they go to the utmost extent which the present capabilities of the art permit. They have been taken by a man with a fine eye for artistic effect; they display much grandeur of style, fine tone and texture, the utmost clearness, crispness, and delicacy of detail, a most effective union of accidental with natural light and shadow, and they are admirably printed. Occasionally there is traceable some effects of aberration, or distortion, as in the upper lines of the loftier buildings, sufficient to show that the optician has not yet succeeded in constructing lenses that will perfectly render objects on so large a scale, but not enough to annoy the observer, who is little disposed to search for faults when standing before such noble products of this almost infant art. The chief failure in them is in the rendering of the water. The Stones of Venice were never so illustrated before.

Inferior in quality as well as in size, are the views in the North of Italy, 29 in number, by Ponti, but they are still very beautiful, and have many of them a singularly pleasing tone.

Rivalling the Venetian views as works of Art, and also in interest, though lacking their glory of colour and chiaroscuro, are the scenes in Egypt and the Holy Land by our enterprising countryman, Mr. Frith. They are 21 in number, and average 19 inches by 15 in size. The sublime desolation of Horeb and of Jerusalem, and the lonely majesty of the Egyptian temples, pyramids, and colossi, are rendered as truly as the shattered granite and the heaped-up drifts of sand, or the exquisite tracery on the dome of the Mosque of Mahmoudieh. And not less wonderful, as showing the capabilities of the art, is a Panoramic View of Cairo, taken by Mr. Frith from the Citadel, and of which all the parts—though the view is no less than 8 feet 6 inches long, by 1 foot 7 inches high—fit together with the nicest accuracy. Every portion of this extensive view will, indeed, bear examining with a strong magnifier; yet the artist has by rare skill been enabled to preserve a broad general effect seldom seen, even in a panorama drawn by hand. The oriental character of Cairo, or of any eastern city, was probably never before so clearly brought home to one who knows the East only by books and pictures: it is like looking over the city itself. Mr. Frith has some British views, but their inferiority, which is very decided, may be due to climate.

A series of 32 views in Cairo, by Messrs. Robertson and Beato, are perhaps equal in sharpness and force to those of Mr. Frith; but their inferior size (12 inches by 10) renders them less impressive, and they are not generally so interesting in subject.

The Spanish views, 15 in number, and 14

inches by 11 in size, by M. Lousada, are equal in sharpness and precision of definition to any in the room; and both the native and the Moorish subjects are very interesting in character. M. Lousada has also a few taken beyond the Spanish boundaries. A series of Spanish views by Mr. Clifford had not arrived on the opening day.

M. Balduis has a dozen views in Paris, chiefly of the Louvre, Tuileries, and Luxembourg, and of St. Pierre's at Caen, some of which are very good, but some are disfigured by a very artificial sky.

Of the native photographs the best are those by Mr. Bedford, made expressly for the Association. They are only 12 inches by 10 in size, but nothing can exceed the sharpness of definition or the general beauty of the views of Tintern Abbey and Chestow and Raglan castles.

Of Salisbury and Ely cathedrals there are several very fair views by Mr. Cooke; and Mr. Cape has some very creditable views of the colleges and public buildings of Cambridge; but both these gentlemen, whatever may be their ability as manipulators, have yet much to learn as artists.

The Exhibition it will be seen is full of interest to every one who cares for the relics of antiquity, as well as to the student of architecture. The Committee have done well to give it a special character by securing sets of views. They have, this year, illustrated Egypt and Ancient and Mediæval Italy; can they not, next year, do as much for Ancient Greece, and at the same time, by way of comparison or contrast, let us have a goodly selection from the ecclesiastical glories of France and Normandy; or our own cathedrals on a scale sufficiently large, and of course sufficiently artistic, to bring out their true character?

Mr. Noel Paton's picture 'Home! the Return from the Crimea,' is on view at the rooms of Messrs. Lloyd, Brothers, in Gracechurch Street, and will amply repay a visit. The picture, it will be remembered, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856; but it is seen to much greater advantage in a quiet room by itself, than in an inconvenient corner of a crowded apartment, amidst all kinds of discordant surroundings. Seen here at leisure, it must be pronounced worthy of the highest encomiums passed on it. It is unquestionably the truest and most poetic picture called forth by the Crimean war. Its pathos is simple, pure, manly, refined: free alike from stage effect and sentimentalism. The thought is carefully worked out; the grave, subdued emotion of the stalwart soldier, disciplined to self-control, the unrestrained thankful joy and affection of the wife, who has swooned on his bosom, and of his old mother, who is concealing her tears on his shoulder, tell the tale of the meeting in a way to fix on it the entire attention. That armless sleeve, and the medals on that manly breast, and again the infant sleeping so peacefully in its little cradle by the fire-side, how impressively do they tell the deep anxiety that must have weighed on those loving hearts, and added a hundredfold to the intense happiness of the moment of meeting. And then when you have time to look further, you see by the way in which the well-kept cottage room has been "tidied up," and by the care with which the various little articles of the absent man have been preserved, with what affection his memory has been cherished, and how ardently the meeting has been anticipated. Had it been a poem in words, the whole story could not have been more clearly told than it is, not only in these main incidents, but by a hundred little circumstances which gradually unfold themselves as the picture is steadily contemplated. The painting of the picture is quite as admirable as the expression of the thought. There is no slovenliness, no gaudiness, no trickery; all is carefully and honestly finished. Apart altogether from its high merits as a poetic rendering of a passage of what may be called contemporaneous domestic history, the picture would merit high praise as the faithful representation of a 'Scottish Cottage Interior' of the better class. An engraving is being made from it by Mr. Ryall, in the mixed mezzotint and stipple manner, and

from the example exhibited in the room, promises when finished to make a very excellent print. Her Majesty has commissioned a duplicate of the picture for the Royal Gallery.

### THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Some judicious curtailments, effected since the first representation, have made the new opera of *Satanella*—or the *Power of Love* far more effective and far more acceptable. Warm as was the reception accorded to the new work on Monday night, it was generally voted too long by an hour at least. Thus much, or very near it, has been excised, to the great advantage of Mr. Balfe, whose most beautiful pieces, now brought closer together, are all the more keenly relished, and with no loss whatever to the plot, which is about as rambling, improbable, and incoherent, even in its amended shape, as any of the literary atrocities to which modern composers—especially Mr. Balfe, who has long stood in the van of popularity among our own musicians—have condescended to marry their harmonious effusions. We presume that to put up with these silly farragos from the Gallic "Minerva press" is indispensable, no English dramatist being ready and willing (however able), to provide anything more sensible. When not lengthy, however, they are less intolerable. *Satanella* in its present shape, though still too long, is perhaps neither better nor worse than *The Rose of Castille*, and some dozen perpetrations of the kind. On the other hand, the music of the new opera contains a larger quantity of melodious and expressive pieces than its immediate predecessor, notwithstanding the subject, which is in a great measure demoniacal, whereas experience has shown that the demoniacal side of Mr. Balfe's talent is precisely the most deficient, so much so, indeed, that it may be said of him without impropriety—"il n'a pas le diable au corps."

If our readers are desirous of being made conversant with the plot of *Satanella* we must refer them to Messrs. A. Harris and E. Falconer whose joint labours, in the form of a neat little book, may be obtained for one shilling at the theatre. Mr. Harris (Mr. Gye's zealous stage-manager) first surprised the world as a dramatic author in the ingenious book of the *Rose of Castille*, of which we are informed he prepared all but the poetry, the latter being due to the more versed and lyric pen of Mr. Falconer. Their labours in *Satanella* were apportioned, if we are not mistaken, in a similar manner, and we may add with a result neither more nor less felicitous. The story seems to be an *olla podrida* concocted out of various ingredients, as many as four different sources having (it is asserted) been ransacked for materials—viz. Cazotte's *Diabole Amoureux*; a French ballet, exulting in the same title, produced years ago, at one of the London theatres, for M<sup>me</sup>. Pauline Leroux; a ballet-opera, called *La Tentation*, in which M. Halévy first showed that his invention was not inexhaustible; and lastly, *Les Amours du Diable*, a species of burlesque set to music by M. Grisar. In all probability every one of the foregoing involved special points of interest; but whatever these may have been, it appears evident that Messrs. Harris and Falconer in each of the four instances, discarded them as superfluous. In their *reficimento* we find an evil spirit of the female sex, whose mission is to betray men to their destruction, becoming enamoured of a spendthrift nobleman, and, failing to lure him from the affections of a terrestrial rival, absolving him from a compact by which, at the end of thirty days, his soul would be forfeited. Presented in return, at the hands of her rival, with a rosary, which from a demon metamorphoses her into an angel at the moment when she expects to descend to her natural abode, she is wafted on a cloud to the regions of the blest. The devil is *Satanella* (Miss Louisa Pyne); the spendthrift nobleman, *Count Rupert* (Mr. Harrison); and the lady of his choice, who magnanimously confers the rosary, *Leticia* (Miss Rebecca



Isaac), his foster-sister, and the ultimate object of his tender solicitude. The other characters essential to the story are *Stella* (Miss Susan Pyne), a perverse and wicked princess, who, at the commencement of the opera, is about to wed *Count Rupert*, but loving his riches rather than himself, tempts him to ruin at the gaming-table; and then abandons him; *Bracchio* (Mr. H. Corri), a pirate, acting indifferently as instrument in the machinations of *Stella* and of *Satanella*; and a Tunisian "Vizier" (Mr. W. H. Payne), who purchases the most comely slaves for his harem from *Bracchio* and companions. Among the characters non-essential to the story are *Hortensius* (Mr. Honey), a pedagogue and constant associate of *Count Rupert*; *Karl* (Mr. St. Albyn), a senechal in love with *Lelia*; and *Arimanes* (Mr. Weiss), "King of the Demon World," and master of *Satanella*. The last-named is apparently introduced for the sake of getting a bass singer into the opera, since *Satanella* would be better without him; while *Hortensius* and *Karl* are intended to furnish the comic material, which they accomplish with anything but efficiency. Our readers may divine, with no great stretch of ingenuity, that the *Count's* bankruptcy, through the intrigues of *Stella*, is the cause of his having recourse to the demon; and that *Lelia* is a sort of *Alice*, who follows him like a good angel throughout his adventures, and just as *Alice* in Meyerbeer's *Robert* wins a husband at the end, as recompense for her devotion. What are these adventures, and how the climax is brought about, we must leave them to discover, when—as the majority are pretty sure to do—they go to the theatre to hear Mr. Balfe's new music. The general impression created, or we are greatly in error, will be that of a shadowy resemblance to certain characters and incidents in *Robert le Diable*, mixed up with matter of much inferior quality. The gambling scene, followed by the invocation of the devil, in a dismantled castle, instead of a dilapidated convent (Act I.); and the trio (Act IV.), in which good and evil, in the persons of *Lelia* and *Satanella*, strive for the mastery over *Rupert Robert*, have so clearly been suggested by Meyerbeer's grand romantic opera, that the fact cannot, under any circumstances, pass unobserved.

In revenge, the music of Mr. Balfe is not at all like that of Meyerbeer; on the contrary, it is Balfe, pure and undefiled, from end to end. Some of the most uncompromising apostles of our highly-esteemed composer have pronounced *Satanella* his *Guillaume Tell*, which, if true, were a pity—for in that case it would be his *deuxième soupir*—but which (our readers may comfort themselves with the assurance) is wholly untrue, there being not the slightest evidence of a change of style in any part of the work. How, indeed, could Mr. Balfe's "style" be changed? That in some places he has been overweighted (instance the gambling scene and the final trio, which are not on a par with Meyerbeer, either in inspiration or contrivance) is manifest. But he has forborne to adventure out of his depth in these, in the scene at the Tunis Bazaar, where the slaves are exposed for sale by pirates, and in that of the church, where *Count Rupert* and *Satanella* (disguised as *Lelia*) are about to be married,—the former of which is a distant reflex of the auction-finale in *La Dame Blanche*, the latter of the marriage fête in *Zampa*,—to emulate Boieldieu in the one having been indisputably as far from Mr. Balfe's intention as to surpass Herold in the other. In short the old story has to be re-told. To elaborate combinations Mr. Balfe is, as usual, wholly unequal. His overtures, his finales, and his concerted pieces are invariably feeble; and the same holds with regard to *Satanella* as to previous essays. The tune goes on in the orchestra; while the voices on the stage are employed in filling up, with a sort of accompaniment, or, as the French term it, "remplissage." Thus, in a musical sense, all the members of the *dramatis personæ* are of a colour. The art of distinguishing them from each other is not possessed by Mr. Balfe, who though he may occasionally be what is denominated a "word painter," was never able either to portray character or paint variety of

emotion. Nor is he a master, strictly speaking, of the "characteristic" style. Witness his failure to endow the scene in which *Count Rupert* calls up the evil demon with any special colouring, and to invest with a spiritual individuality the exceptional personage of *Satanella*. In such attempts he has ever disappointed, being, inasmuch as musical expression is concerned, devoid of imagination. The drama of *Satanella* is poor enough, but by the exertion of this faculty, had the composer possessed it, he might have created a certain degree of romantic interest, if not have purified and elevated it, as Mozart did with *Die Zauberflöte*.

The secret of Mr. Balfe's popularity—a popularity which has had no parallel among our English composers—must be attributed, as we have said more than once, though perhaps with less reserve, to the elegance and facility with which he composes sentimental ballads, and associated with this, a certain vivacity that rarely deserts him, even where he has the most prolix and insipid dialogue to set. For contrivance he cannot be complimented; but for fluency on the one hand, and graceful sentiment on the other, he may. Indeed, while he never rises to the height of passionate emotion, there are very few composers who describe with an equal amount of felicity the *juste milieu* that ranges between passion and indifference; who, in short, as we have hinted, attain with such easy grace the mere expression of sentiment. Of this faculty, by no means universal, the opera of *Satanella* reveals more than one touching and admirable example. The ballad in which the supernatural heroine first betrays her attachment to *Count Rupert*—"There is a power whose sway"—from its exquisitely melodious character, and the frequent recurrence of the whole or a part, may be cited as the "Last Rose of Summer" of the opera, and amply warrants its second title of "The Power of Love." Besides its intrinsic beauty, which alone must enchant all ears attuned to music, this ballad enjoys a special advantage over the Irish interpolation of Herr Flotow; since, although fresh and beautiful enough to be easily mistaken for a national melody, it is Mr. Balfe's own undisputed property, the offspring of his invention, for which he is indebted to none other than himself. No melody of his that we can recall surpasses—very few indeed approach—the "Power of love;" and, warbled to such absolute perfection as by Miss Louisa Pyne, it is not astonishing that it should delight the audience beyond measure. Another ballad allotted to the same lady, though less emphatically a "gem"—we allude to *Satanella's* soliloquy (Act II.), "Let not the world, disdaining" (the words of which may be matched with Mr. Bunn's best)—is extremely elegant; while the song by which the pretty demon (Act III.) seduces the Vizier—"Sultana Zulema with hours might vie"—in spite of its Arabian colouring, is one of the most sparkling and genial of Mr. Balfe's inspirations. The *rondo finale* of *Satanella*, "Old man, thyself deceiving" (same act), conceived and executed after the stereotyped pattern, is, nevertheless, lively and full of charm.

In a musical sense *Count Rupert* has not been so fortunate as his supernatural attendant and disappointed lover. The purely Harrisonian ballad was never much to our liking, either because we care not greatly for Mr. Harrison's sentimental singing, or because Mr. Balfe has written some twenty specimens, which possess so many characteristics in common, that we are unable to distinguish one from another. *Karl* has a very lively ballad, "Oh would she but name the day," and *Bracchio* a capital song (with chorus), "Rovers, rulers of the sea," which redeem those two personages from insignificance. Mr. Weiss is to be pitied, for, "sing he never so wisely," we defy him to create either a pleasurable emotion or a sensation of any other kind, save and except one of dreariness, in the music allotted to *Arimanes*. The *Princess Stella* is a nonentity in convulsions; and Miss Susan Pyne renders her nothing short of an infliction by the obtrusive manner in which she brings out every available point, histrionic or purely lyric.

*Lelia* is by no means without a certain degree of charm, her ballad in the first scene, "Our hearts are not our own to give," while essentially constructed on the stereotyped Balfe pattern, of which a quarter of a century has furnished us with so many indifferent examples, being at the same time pretty and telling. *Hortensius* is an utter failure, and to be condemned the more unequivocally, inasmuch as he is almost always on the stage. The "humour" of this ill-conceived pedagogue is to interlard one silly speech after another with Latin sentences (frequently irrelevant), capping them with "As we say in the classics." This, as a morning contemporary has plainly hinted, is even less diverting than "Why didn't you say so at once?"—in the *Rose of Castille*. All we have lately said about Mr. Honey's inability to give life and consistency to a part of any length and importance is justified by the very poor figure he makes in the present instance. It is deplorable to find such peculiar wit as that of *Hortensius* unappreciated, through the actor's inability to interpret it with vivacity, and such erudition, too, as that of Mr. Augustus Harris thrown away for a similar reason. *Coco! Coco!* "as we say in the classics."

Of the subordinate characters we have nothing to remark. The concerted music, as usual with Mr. Balfe, is the least to be admired in the opera; although the scene of the Bazaar at Tunis—where *Lelia* is exposed to sale by *Bracchio*, purchased by the Vizier, and redeemed by *Satanella* in favour of *Count Rupert*, who barters his soul in exchange—is animated enough, and includes the sparkling song, "Sultana Zulema," to which we have alluded, as well as other good points, to be examined when the opera reaches us in a printed form. In place of overture we have a very short introductory prelude. (Mr. Balfe's overtures were never famous.) In addition to the curtainfalls already effected, if the tedious and stupid scene in which *Count Rupert*—by means of a hat presented him by *Satanella*—detects (which he already knew, however, in the first act) the hypocrisy and deceit of *Stella*, were abolished, it would be so much time gained, and no music worth preserving sacrificed. We are unable to echo *Satanella's* ejaculation, "Bravo, hat!"—inclining rather to the more appropriate comment of *Hortensius*, "That is flat;" for certainly the length of this *morceau d'ensemble* is only equalled by its dullness. *Post Astellum Diaria non sumo*—"as we say in the classics." Such meagre fare is not tolerable after the banquet of melody comprised in the "Power of love," the tuneful strains of which are still dwelling in the ear when this hat (or rather *chapeau*), this "magic beaver,"—as the twin-librettists, emulating the vocabulary of "gants"—entirely it, comes to drown them in a *vacarme* of empty commonplaces.

Of the performance generally we must defer speaking, confining ourselves at present to unqualified commendation of Miss Louisa Pyne, who, though her histrionic capabilities do not shine in the part of *Satanella*, warbles like a very syren from one end of the opera to the other. Of her associates before the footlights; of Mr. Alfred Mellon—the Atlas, who carries the harmonious globe of "Royal English Opera" on his shoulders; of the scenery and decorations (partly the property of Mr. Frederick Gye—*Zampa*, the *Traviata*, &c. to wit); and of the general aspect of the house under the temporary régime; we shall have a word or two to say in our next. Meanwhile, *Satanella* is likely to keep the stage for some time to come; and before any other opera of English manufacture is brought out by the Pyne and Harrison management, there will elapse most probably *longum intervallum*—"as we say in the classics."

The Westminster play for the present year is the comedy of *Phormio*. It has been represented three times with decided success. Among the visitors at the third representation were the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales.

\* "Honor'd, Sir, be your chapeau,  
Since such grace to it you owe."—Act II.

## NEW NOVELS.

*The Chancellor's Chaplain; or, Self-Sacrifice.*  
By the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A. (Simpkin,  
Marshall, & Co.)

IF there be one prevailing reminiscence more than another which haunts the reader after a perusal of the "*Chancellor's Chaplain*," it is that set of ideas which is suggested by the word "preferment." That to possess a good living is to be happy, enviable, successful—to be without one is to be unfortunate, ill-used, pitiable, seems to be on the whole the general result. This feeling it is that gives consistency to the series of narratives and *historiettes* which compose the volume. There is no other connecting link, for the incidents which are all supposed to take place in the life of one clergyman are really events which have happened in the lives of several. The crowning event which gives a name to the collection is decidedly of the character above stated. The story is as follows: A lady comes to reside in the parish where the writer officiates as curate, having under her charge a younger lady with a large fortune—a ward in Chancery. Thither they are followed by a fortune-hunter in disguise, and his friend. An assignation is made with the young lady, and then the would-be husband makes a private application to the curate, produces a licence, and begs him to celebrate a hasty marriage without the knowledge of the guardian appointed by the Court. The curate refuses, whereupon the adventurer attempts to bribe him with a 50*l.* note—with twice, three times the sum, and finally with the promise of a yearly payment of 500*l.* or 1000*l.* for life. There is the same steady refusal, the attempt is foiled, the suspicions of the *duenna* are roused, and the whole story comes before the Lord Chancellor. The whole of these scenes are admirably given, but the gist of the matter is that the Chancellor, by way of reward to the curate, offers him a living, and the curate, instead of accepting it, implores the Chancellor, and finally induces him to nominate in his stead, a friend who is as poor as himself but who has eight children, a blind son, a helpless daughter, and a depressed and almost despairing wife. The act of "self-sacrifice" is complete, and the "*Chancellor's Chaplain*" finds himself at sixty a poor and unbeneficed man. Now this narrative, admirably as it is told, is not quite satisfactory. Not that it is too improbable, but that it lacks completeness. The small virtue of self-denial, in a matter where honour, reputation, duty, were all at stake—the refusal of a bribe under circumstances in which no prudent man would have dared to take it—is rewarded by the offer of a good living; whilst the heroic effort of self-sacrifice is made actually to carry a penalty with it. Is this poetic justice? Either the act of self-immolation was commendable or not; if the former, where is the supreme reward which according to all moral laws should have followed it? if the latter, to what end is the example placed before us? It is useless to say that virtue is its own reward, and is not to be recommended for the sake of its prizes; it is the duty of the moral teacher to show how the exercise of virtue is followed, as a general law of morals, by happiness of some sort; and how a great effort of self-denial, if from pure motives, is the sure forerunner of a large measure of the best sort of happiness. As it stands, the story misses the effect to which it would otherwise be entitled. If Mr. Beaton is discovered at sixty to be a retired and somewhat querulous old gentleman, and we find he wants the consolations that come from within, we doubt the high-mindedness of his quixotic generosity, and we conclude that, after all, it is his own fault. But the Mr. Beaton, rare as he is in the world, who is capable of such an act as that above described, would surely, at the age of sixty, whether benefited or not, be a bright example of Christian graces, "joyful through hope, and rooted in charity," in the possession of happiness which no preferment could give or deprivation take away. This, it seems to us, is the only defect in Mr. Neale's most agreeable volume, which is full of charac-

teristic sketches, accompanied by an air of truth that can only have been attained by a close adherence to the facts of real life. The cruel and rapacious Mr. Ingatstone, the litigious rector, the parson tormenting Miss Wrattislaw, and many other bits of character are both original and forcible. The conversations with Lord Eldon are accurate enough probably as to his judicial faculties and his respect for the ministers and ordinances of religion, but they give no notion of his style of familiar conversation. We trust, however, that Mr. Neale will make further extracts from his portfolio, for such a work as the "*Chancellor's Chaplain*" is undoubtedly qualified in a very great degree to improve the tone of our railway literature.

*The English Governess. A Tale of Real Life.* By Rachel M'Crimdell. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)

THIS pleasant little book tells a strange tale of the adventures which young ladies, the gentlest and most inoffensive of their sex, may meet with when harassed by ill fortune and the cruelty of relatives. That so tender and innocent a creature as Clara Neville should have awakened the implacable and deadly hatred of the monster Ashton, who carries his vindictive feelings to the extent of running off with her and plunging her down a precipice, is rather remarkable, even after the experience of our own police courts. The only offence poor Clara had been guilty of was that of being compelled to give evidence, with much reluctance and many tears, against Ashton, her step-father, who had simply killed her mother by dashing her head against a bed-post. For this little affair he undergoes the slight penalty of a twelvemonth's imprisonment and hard labour; after which, finding himself a free man, but somewhat coldly treated in English society, he betakes himself to Spain, where he becomes a *contrabandista*. Clara, strangely enough, in the course of her travels also comes to Spain, and there rather wilfully persists with her friend in exploring a dangerous spot called the Cork Wood. Into this wood only a few days before a party of officers "got into mischief." These gallant men were only four in number, but they ventured into the Cork Wood; here they were set upon by a troop of banditti (Spanish), against whose numbers resistance was unavailing: they were robbed of everything valuable they had about them, their horses were taken from them, and they were shut up in the *venta*, where they remained some hours, but at length succeeded in breaking through their prison, and walked back to Gibraltar. The governor of Gibraltar requested the governor of Ronda to seize the horses when the robbers came to sell them at the fair, and to apprehend the villains. The horses were accordingly seized, and one villain apprehended, but he contrived while being taken to prison to shoot one of his guards, and escape. The officers, finding that they should have to pay for costs as much as the horses were worth, preferred giving them up altogether. It is difficult which to admire most—the courage and high spirit of these British officers, or the remarkable judgment and caution displayed by the Ronda police. According to this story, Spanish robbers, instead of being the cowardly fellows we have heard them described, ought to be one of the ruling powers of Europe. However, undeterred by these trifling incidents, the two young ladies go on a sketching expedition into this same wood. Here Ashton meets his victim, and, as we have said, hurls her down a precipice. Her fall however is arrested; she lights on a large American (!) alce; providentially not on the central spike; and ultimately is brought off with a broken ankle, a dislocated shoulder, and "almost universal" bruises. The monster Ashton stands on the verge of the precipice to watch her descent; but the stone beneath him giving way with his weight, he is hurled down the abyss and dashed to atoms. No one will pretend to say that this is a probable chain of events; but the amusing part of the matter is, that they are told as if they were the merest commonplaces of everyday existence. There is no elevation of tone or language corresponding to these marvellous flights of fancy. The

writer has evidently travelled in Spain—she describes Cadiz thus:—"Cadiz is a pretty-looking, clean, quiet town; so quiet, indeed, that it is not possible to imagine that much traffic can be carried on within its precincts. There is the usual number of public walks, fountains, and churches. The whole population crowd these walks in the evening, and enjoy a delightful respite from the heat and fatigue of the day in rambling through the orange groves till the middle of the night." This is rather short work for Cadiz; but the authoress moreover carries with her to Spain some of the peculiarities of her native country. She is for converting the Spaniards from the errors of Popery by the agency of the Missionary and Tract Societies; and she broadly states that "idolatry and immorality go hand in hand among the votaries of the apostate church." In short the strong language of the book is devoted not to the delineation of scenery or character, but to the cause of Protestantism, and some of the worst vulgarities of popular superstition are held up as frightful examples of the faith and practice of the Roman Church. To say that the writer seriously injures her own cause by this injudicious mode of attack would perhaps be going too far; we imagine that her only object has been to address herself in this respect to the sympathies of certain English readers, whose warmth of feeling on these subjects is not tempered by superabundant knowledge or discretion.

*The Two Mottoes.* By the Author of "*Summer-leigh Manor*." (J. W. Parker & Son.)

THE frequency with which domestic differences are made the groundwork of novels in the present day does not say much for the excellence of our home arrangements. These painful disturbances are now almost as common an element in stories as love itself. A tyrannical father, a rebellious son; brothers estranged, or constantly quarrelling; wives who elope from husbands, or husbands who desert wives; such are among the stock materials of the professed novelist, and the reader is constantly being called upon to derive amusement from the contemplation of these diseases of our social system. If this be a faithful picture of English life, it is time for us to see about putting our houses to rights, and that there is much truth in the portraiture cannot readily be denied. The words "unhappy home" are written on many a sullen visage in the streets.

Domestic misery is the central idea in the short but powerfully-written story of "*The Two Mottoes*." Dr. Aytoun, a Scotch medical man settled in an English country town, is a person of ungovernable temper, who, we are given to understand, hastened his wife's death by his violence; though he is not without many good qualities at heart, which even his passionate nature does not wholly conceal. He lives with his son and daughter, a boy and girl in their teens, ardently devoted to one another, but whose lives are desolated by the fierce tyranny of their father's disposition. The boy, as he grows older, becomes inclined to rebel; and fearful scenes ensue between him and his parent. He is piqued by the fear that his handsome female cousin may despise him for his subjection, and by the knowledge that his school friends laugh at him for not being more his own master. Under the resistless fascination of the one and the taunts of the others, he disobeys his father's injunctions whenever he thinks he can do so in secret; and his affectionate, but somewhat too pliant, sister screens him from discovery by little evasions and insinuations which she knows to be wrong, but is afraid not to adopt. At length comes a discovery, and a terrible altercation at night between father and son, ending in the youth's flight from the house, and departure for Canada on board a vessel in which he consents to serve as a cabin-boy. Dr. Aytoun is almost crushed by the discovery of his son's desertion of his home, and in the course of a year or two he falls into a deadly sickness. The sister writes to her brother, who has informed her of where he is; and he arrives in time to see his father on his death-bed, to



forgive and to be forgiven. There are, of course, other characters and incidents in the novel; but this is the main track which the narrative takes. Nothing can be simpler, and yet the book is both interesting and affecting.

The writer, we venture confidently to assert, is a lady, for we note both the excellences and defects of feminine authorship. We have a little too much of trivial drawing-room gossip; but the more important scenes of the book are full of quiet, intense feeling, and truth of expression. The characters of Hector and Emmeline, the brother and sister, are developed with great skill, and with perfect consistency between the several parts of the portraiture. We see the boy gradually growing wilful and reckless as the passionate vehemence of his father every day tends to confirm the same characteristic in himself; and we behold the dreamy, purposeless, prematurely saddened sister becoming more and more tremblingly submissive to her despotic parent, while she tampers with her moral sense out of the very depth of her tenderness, in order that she may stave off the dreaded collision between her father and brother, which, under such circumstances, must inevitably come at last. This is a conception in the highest degree true to nature. It is one of the most shocking effects of a temper such as Dr. Aytoun's, when exercised on the man's own children, that natural affection itself is warped into a distortion from the strict rule of right. Deceit is called in to the support of love; and that which should be clear and transparent becomes cloudy with the dark admixture. We cannot help regretting that, at the end, the reader should be left with the impression that Hector is the chief offender. Of course we do not object to the most sensitive conscientiousness on the part of every one, and we do not deny that the son in this case has many errors with which to reproach himself bitterly. But the parent, after all, is the person chiefly to blame. It is in vain to expect youths to be philosophical on the first causes of defects of temper, and, when they have been exasperated by prolonged violence, to exercise all that charitable forbearance which the wisest and the most mature find very difficult of attainment. However, the authoress's intentions are excellent, and we are not disposed to quarrel with details. Her book is a photograph of a painful phase of life—a photograph full of accuracy and effect.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table: Every Man his own Boswell.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Author of "Astida" and other Poems. (Edinburgh: Strahan & Co.) Mr. Dickens, in his "American Notes," gives it as his opinion that the Americans are not a humorous people. Their literature, so far as we are acquainted with it, has always seemed to us to bear the same testimony. Washington Irving is an illustrious exception. There are few English writers so thoroughly English as he; no American is so little American. Judge Haliburton is an American, but he is not a United States man, and therefore cannot be cited in opposition. What is called American humour, bears the same relation to the genuine article that a burlesque or "screaming Adelphi farce" does to true comedy. Exaggeration always borders on un-reality, and the essence of American humour seems to be exaggeration. The little volume before us is scarcely an exception to what we have said. Mr. Holmes says a great many clever and ingenious things, and some true and deep ones. He is generally lively and amusing, and there is a pleasant vein of meditative sentiment in him. But he is not natural. He is fond of fantastic conceits, which have evidently cost him some trouble in the preparation. His humour is rather a polite smirk than a kindly genial smile. His "discursive talk" does not seem to flow from "household fountains never dry," but to be let-on, as from a reservoir. With these drawbacks thus indicated, his book may be read, in small proportions at a time, both with pleasure and with profit. There are thought and fancy in it, wit occasionally, and now and then a

sympathetic, half-melancholy, tone of moralising on human life and its chances. The plan of the work is the following: "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," acting as "his own Boswell," professes to report conversations over the breakfast-table of an American lodging-house, in which he took the lion's share. The other interlocutors are mine hostess, mine hostess's daughter, the Professor, the Poet, the School-mistress, the Divinity Student, and, in contrast to the last, a youth named John, representative of the "fast" section of young America. Their part is to ask judicious questions, or to make injudicious remarks, and be refuted. In justice to the author and in refutation of our own remarks if they be injudicious, we give a few extracts, which will afford fair samples of the work:

"There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzag rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords a great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel."

"Our brains are seventy year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection."

If the following is a true description of the matter, we are disposed to be thankful that the gods have not made us poetical:

"A lyric conception—my friend, the Poet, said—hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often and the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head—then a long sigh—and the poem is written."

"The woman who 'calc'lates' is lost."

"Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust."

"Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all."

"A saying of one of the wittiest of men: 'Good Americans when they die go to Paris.'"

Mr. Holmes has interspersed among his prose many graceful verses. His volume, we should add, is a reprint of papers which appeared originally in the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine."

*The English Boy in Japan.* By Williams Dalton. (Nelson & Sons.) *Paul Blake; or the Story of a Boy's Perils in the Islands of Corsica and Monte Cristo.* By Alfred Elwes. (Griffith & Farran.) *The Young Middy.* By C. Armstrong. (Marlborough & Co.) *The Boy's Own Book of Travel and Adventure.* By Merideth Johnes. (Kent & Co.) These are all works of the same class, and at the present season of relaxation they will be found acceptable reading by those for whose amusement they have been published. Some of the situations described are strong; one of the works says on the title-page "Travellers tell strange tales," and indeed each is full enough of adventures to captivate half the school boys in the kingdom. They are all delightful books. That is sure to be the verdict of every juvenile jury before whom all or any of them may be tried.

*The Post Office London Directory, 1859.* (Kelly & Co.) This is the sixtieth annual publication of a work of which all England may be proud. For though little more than a scroll of names, it is no mean reflection of the wealth and the greatness of the metropolis of this great country. What other country but ours could show such a roll of capitalists, merchants, shipowners, and traders of all classes, high and low, concentrated within its capital, as are here printed column after column to an almost fabulous number! We repeat that the magnificent volumes which Messrs. Kelly thus periodically put forth, prove the greatness of the country. In fact the country makes their directories, and their directories show what the country is. We therefore are quite prepared to appreciate the statement in the preface to the substantial volume before us, that the "Post Office London Directory" has for many years enjoyed a reputation never before attained by any work of its class. And it deserves its reputation, for notwithstanding its enormous bulk and the changes that are perpetually taking place

in a capital so vast as London, such is its simplicity that any person may at once place his finger upon any name or street that he wishes. And perhaps the most striking proof of the discrimination and care with which the work is produced, will be found in the system of giving the old as well as the new numbers in streets in which the numbering has been altered by the Board of Works. The Law, Court, Parliamentary, and Official divisions of the Directory are most complete, and altogether the work reflects as much credit upon the vigilant supervision of the publishers as it does upon their spirit and enterprise.

Among the educational works that have been recently sent to us are copies of the new editions of Mr. Baker's "Circle of Knowledge," together with his Manuals for Teachers, Pupil-Teachers, Governesses, &c. The present series have been carefully revised. They abundantly show Mr. Baker to be a practical man in the business of education, and that he possesses a happy facility in imparting sound instruction. Messrs. Longman have published the Rev. John Hunter's "Paraphrasing and Analysis of Sentences," a small and most compact manual of instruction and exercise for normal students and pupil-teachers; and Messrs. Bell & Daldy have published for the Rev. George Iliffe, of Grange School, Bishopwearmouth, a very suggestive pamphlet, entitled "An English Education: What it means, and how it may be carried out." We commend this able production to teachers of all classes who love their occupation. A similar work, but upon a different plan, is one published by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd—"The Analysis of Sentences," by Robert Demans, M.A. Messrs. Chapman & Hall send us an equally valuable contribution to this class of literature, by Mrs. Alfred Higginson, of Liverpool—"The English School Girl: her Position and Duties." Mrs. Higginson strives to impart sound instruction in the most enduring way, and these lessons, which are as from a teacher to her class, are, in practice, intended to serve as the basis of conversation, and as subjects for written recollections. "Leaves from a Sabbath School Teacher's Note Book," by Robert Frome, published by Messrs. Judd & Glass, almost explain their object themselves. They are a series of interesting tales, inculcating moral and spiritual precepts in a calm religious spirit. Another work, designed to extend the practical application of moral and religious duties, through a solid acquaintance with the Scriptures, is Miss Wilmshurst's "Bible Exercises; or, Scripture References for Schools and Families." It is published by Messrs. Aylott & Son. The principle of these "Exercises" is so simple that it may be readily comprehended by the simplest mind. To the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, schools and teachers will be indebted for "The Monthly Flower Garden," "Reward Pictures illustrating the Miracles of our Blessed Saviour," and a very neat "Children's Almanack" for 1859. These really charming little works deserve the widest support from all classes. They only require to be seen to be appreciated. And Messrs. Knight & Son have published a small religious manual for 1859, called "The Children's Bread," which we also heartily commend.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adams (H. C.), The Twelve Foundations, and other Poems, 12mo. 5s.  
Adams's "Engineers" Pocket Book for 1859, 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Ashford (J.), London: Past, Present, and Future, post 8vo. 5s. 6d.  
Bain (M.), Father Connell, a Tale, new ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Bate (Capt. W. T.), Memoir of, by Rev. J. Baillie, 12mo. 5s.  
Bennett (W. C.), Proverbs with Pictures, 4to. 7s. 6d.  
Bennett (W. C.), Songs by a Song Writer, 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Bigg (J. S.), Alfred Staunton, a Novel, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
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